

The Academy and Literature.

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Contents.

The Literary Week.

SINCE our last issue we have received 119 new books and reprints. We select the following as worthy of particular consideration:—

James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery. By Andrew Lang.
Reason and Revelation. By Dr. J. R. Illingworth.
The Soul of a People. By H. Fielding Hall. (New edition.)

Our Antediluvian Ancestors. Illustrated by F. Opper.
The Death of Ivan Illyitch. By Leo Tolstoy.
The White Wolf. By "Q."

THE Poet Laureate has also published a new work—in prose. It is one of the many varieties of garden books, and is dedicated to Veronica and the Poet. Veronica, it will be remembered, was associated with a former garden book by Mr. Austin. Here is a fragment of the dialogue from *Haunts of Ancient Peace*. We cannot honestly call it crisp. “‘How I wish,’ said Lamia, ‘we could set off on a driving expedition through England, this lovely, windless autumn weather.’ ‘What!’ I exclaimed, ‘and leave the Garden that we Love, when now it is in its consummate beauty.’”

M. PAUL DU CHAILLU has also added another volume to the list of his works. Stevenson dedicated one of his books to many doctors. M. du Chaillu dedicates *King Mombo* to one: "My dear Solis,—Looking back through the vista of years, and remembering your solicitude when I came to you broken in health, and the care, professional and other, through which your affection and skill restored me to health and permitted the resumption of my literary labours, my heart overflows."

THE largest, heaviest, and most uncommon book which has reached us this week is a general history of the Kemp and Kempe families. The volume contains pedigrees, illustrations of tokens issued by Kemps, Coats of Arms, and innumerable portraits. It is to be hoped that every member of the family is prepared to pay the two guineas asked for this weighty work. Apropos of family histories, a history of the Smith family is also announced. The work, we are told, is to furnish a popular account of the various branches of the family however their name may be spelt, from the fourteenth century downwards. We do not envy the compiler his task. If it takes a volume weighing five and a half pounds to commemorate the Kemps, that dealing with the Smiths should reach incredible dimensions.

THE Astolat Press, Guildford, has just issued a reprint of Tennyson's "Enid and Nimuë." The volume, which was originally printed by Mr. Moxon in 1857, was recalled by the author; six copies only are known to have existed, and the one in the British Museum is supposed to be the only surviving copy. This contains many autograph corrections, and has a note on the fly-leaf by Mr. Palgrave. "Enid" finally developed into "The Marriage of Geraint" and "Geraint and Enid," and Nimuë into "Merlin and Vivien." A certain amount of interest must of course always be aroused by such a republication as this, but we are not quite sure that it is wholly justifiable. By the way, Messrs. Macmillan's new complete Tennyson, printed on India paper, and containing nine hundred pages, makes a book barely an inch thick. The following bibliography prefixed to the volume indicates the steadiness of Tennyson's sales:—

Printed January 1884. Reprinted, with slight corrections April 1884. Reprinted February and October 1885; May 1886; with slight alterations, December 1886. Reprinted 1887; May and November 1888; with many additions, February 1889. Reprinted April and December 1889; June and November 1890; July and December 1891; May, October, and December 1892; January and October 1893; January 1894.

January 1894. Complete edition printed in September 1894. Reprinted 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, January and November 1899, 1900 (twice), 1901, 1902.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, whose occasional articles in the *Daily Chronicle* on modern French literature are always temperate and well-informed, dealt the other day with Prince Henry of Orleans's *L'Ame du Voyageur*. The book is a collection of posthumous essays and journals, and is full of the Prince's extraordinary hatred of England. Yet Mr. Gosse remembers him at a luncheon-party as "a civil, very Anglified young fellow, who seemed anything in the world but truculent." To account for his virulent attitude towards us Mr. Gosse suggests a paradox. Prince Henry of Orleans did not hate England at all. On the contrary, his admiration for it was so great that his anathemas and suspicions simply arose from the fact that he could not get away from England. He had to be for ever denouncing us in order to escape from our terrible fascination. Mr. Gosse's theory is amusing.

It is rather difficult to get at the real attitude of this generation towards Jane Austen. She has many genuine and enthusiastic admirers, no doubt; but there is another section of the reading public which accepts her as read. They talk of her with discretion, avoid particular instances, and rejoice in generalities. The fact is that many quite reasonable people find her dull, but they refrain from stating so heterodox an opinion. Perhaps Mr. Frewen Lord hits upon the true cause of this when he writes in the *Nineteenth Century*: "The real superiority of her work lies in her admirable style; the real drawback to enjoying her work is that it is about nothing at all." But however that may be, Jane Austen continues to attract publishers and the public. Mr. Brimley Johnson announces a new issue of her novels, each to be complete in a single volume. Within the front cover there is to be a map (in the old style, showing trees, buildings, and hills) of the country or town in which the scenes of the story occur, prepared from views and guide-books of the period; and within the back cover the particular neighbourhood inhabited by the principal characters, which may, or may not, have ever actually existed, is illustrated in a similar style, giving the relative sizes, distances, and positions of houses and walks according to the author's descriptions. The scheme is likely to lead to rather interesting results, and maps always have their own particular charm.

It seems rather late in the day to establish a Dickens Society, but, nevertheless, such a society is now in existence. On Monday last it held its first meeting at Anderton's Hotel. The object of the organisation, we are told, is to unite in a bond of friendship all true lovers of Charles Dickens. Well, we should have thought that the bond of friendship might very well have been left as it was. Beyond the satisfaction of a monthly dinner we hardly see what this new society is to do for its hero or the world. Its object, says *Household Words*, is inspired by a "desire to extend the power and influence for good which his writings have had throughout the English-speaking world, and to give those who acknowledge that power and influence the opportunity of meeting each other, so that they may combine in spreading that love of humanity in all its phases which was the keynote and firm foundation of all Dickens's writings." But no society, we imagine, will ever make much difference either to the reading or influence of Dickens. He was essentially a writer of popular appeal, and needs this kind of exploitation less than any man who ever wrote. "Above all," said Mr. Hall Caine, "Dickens stood for the love of God." That is a generalisation which does not appeal to us. It might be applied with equal force to fifty novelists, but the sentiment of Dickens made the assertion obvious, and so it was made.

LITERARY Germany is at present discussing the wisdom of founding an Academy on the lines of the French Academy. Opinions, of course, differ widely, but most of the older men, such as Paul Heyse, Paul Lindau and Adolf Wildbrandt, are against the scheme. As a rule in such cases it is the younger men who protest; they prefer to fight without the doubtful assistance of academies. But in the case of Germany there seems no reason why an Academy should not formulate and sanction the many purifications of the language which the past thirty years has brought about.

MR. AYLMER MAUDE, who recently returned from a visit to Tolstoy, brought back with him certain letters the publication of which Tolstoy appears to have sanctioned. The most interesting was written in English, and addressed to Mr. John Bellows, the chairman of the Friends' Doukhobor Committee, who had declined to

accept money accruing from the sale of *Resurrection* on the ground that the book was "immoral." Tolstoy's reply to the charge is absolutely simple and candid. "You may be right," he says, "but not for everyone who will read the book. I may have a bad influence on people who do not read the whole book and do not take in the sense of it." That is a shrewd hit at Mr. Bellows. The letter concludes: "I think we shall be judged by our consciences and by God, not for the results of our deeds, but for our intentions. And I hope that my intentions were not bad."

THIS month the *Edinburgh Review* celebrates its centenary. Even so decorous a quarterly cannot refrain from some sort of jubilation on such an occasion, so we are to have a special number containing an article on the history of the review. There are also to be portraits of some of the *Edinburgh's* editors and contributors. It will be remembered that with the second issue Jeffrey became regular editor, and after him followed Macvey Napier, William Empson, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Henry Reeve. The present editor is Mr. Arthur Elliot, M.P.

It is not often that a novelist adds to the correspondence which controversial or political matters necessarily evoke. But when he does, he generally writes to the point. This is illustrated by a broad and temperate letter on the Education Bill which appears in the *Western Daily Mercury*, over the signature of A. T. Quiller-Couch. The letter was read at a Wesleyan Methodist Bazaar, but its outlook is much wider than that statement would suggest. Here is a sane and wholesome passage touching the difficult seventh clause:

Some of you, I know, scent clerical intrigues in this, and you have a right, perhaps, to be suspicious, as I, perhaps, am too little disposed to worry over clerical intrigue or suggestions of it. For my part, I cannot believe that our England, which so mightily won its liberty of conscience, and dared for the sake of it to defy Pope and King in days when Papal and Royal authority were really terrible, can ever again be threatened back or cajoled. And this leaves me indifferent to the motives of those who framed the clause. It is enough for me that the clause offends one of the soundest principles of free government. On that ground we are at one in detesting it. As it stands, it either cannot pass, or, if it pass, will be defied. To press it without modification would spell death to any Government in England. If you are firm, therefore, you will probably have your rights.

Mr. Quiller-Couch goes on to plead for temperate action, and begs those whom he is addressing "not to carry over your perfectly just resolve into an obstinate determination to 'savage' the whole measure and wreck it unconditionally." Apart from that most disputable clause, Mr. Quiller-Couch believes the Bill to be a "thoughtful and honest measure."

THE New York *Bookman* prints an interesting if rather hysterical article on "Thomas Hardy's Women." The writer says, "Hardy is Sophocles emancipated. A blind, omnipotent, non-moral force sways the affairs of men. . . . She strikes down here and upraises there. The individual is nothing. Law flows, and the human *debris* flows with it." That is not a bad summary of the atmosphere of Hardy's later books, though it does not apply to such stories as *Under the Green Wood Tree* and *The Woodlanders*. Of his women the writer says, "They never dominate. Their lives are ordered for them. They are stray angels in bonds, who stand for ever in mortal fear of losing their reputations." That again is true of many of Mr. Hardy's women, but not of all. And when his work calls for final appreciation, we shall probably find that its earlier simplicity will make a more constant appeal than its later overwhelming gloom.

DR. OAKESMITH is to bring out almost immediately a revised edition of his book on the *Religion of Plutarch*. As no other English writer has dealt with this subject at all adequately, much interest will attach to this study of a Pagan's creed in Apostolic times.

WHETHER Mademoiselle Lucie Félix-Faure, the daughter of the late President, deserves the lavish praise heaped upon her by M. Ernest Daudet in the *Figaro*, is a matter still in doubt. Certainly her first book *La Méditerranée* had admirable qualities of enthusiasm and picturesqueness, and her second volume, which was a biography of Cardinal Newman, could not fail to interest English as well as other readers. In it she wrote:—

I do not know why Newman was called the Bossuet of the English Church. When we study him we have to quote Pascal oftener than Bossuet. The man of our days is not often troubled by the voice of his soul. Pascal knew how to listen to that voice. The broken form of the truth that he tried to win is survived by the perfect beauty of his soul's conquest; and in our dreams we almost seem to hear him breathing in that spiritual agony.

That passage at least indicates sympathy and understanding.

THIS month there are to be inaugurated in England two book schemes which have had great success in America. The first of these is to be known as the Book Lovers' Library, and the second as the "Tabard Inn." The Book Lovers' Library is to supply its subscribers (the subscription is not yet fixed) with any book which appears upon their list, providing the book be not out of print. This undertaking has resulted, in the States, in the proprietors of the Library purchasing as many as 20,000 volumes of a popular novel. It is expected that the subscription will entitle the Book Lovers' clients to receive a dozen volumes at a time, delivered free, twenty times a year. This represents over four books a week. We hardly care to contemplate the effect of such a literary inundation of Suburbia as this suggests, but for our novelists at least the prospect is cheering. We referred some months ago to the second of these schemes, to be known as the "Tabard Inn." In this case the idea is to place a number of bookcases, containing from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty volumes, in "high-class shops." For a trifling sum a life membership card may be purchased, and the subscriber is at once entitled to select a volume. But he need not return it to its proper shelf; he may return it to any shop in the United Kingdom where the company has a bookcase. So that before long we may pick up our latest favourite in Newcastle and conveniently drop him in Brighton. We do not think, however, that either of these schemes will do much solid service to literature.

THE *Westminster Gazette* has reprinted the "Confessions" which Zola wrote a few years ago in a lady's album. These were originally published in the *Revue Illustrée*. From them we extract the following characteristic statements:—

<i>The way I should like to die</i>	-	Suddenly.
<i>My favourite occupation</i>	-	Work.
<i>What would be my greatest misfortune</i>	-	To be in doubt.
<i>What I should like to be</i>	-	Always in good health.
<i>My favourite prose authors</i>	-	Those who see and express clearly.
<i>My favourite poets</i>	-	Do.
<i>My favourite painters</i>	-	Do.
<i>My favourite composers</i>	-	Do.
<i>My favourite heroes in fiction</i>	-	Those who are not heroes.

THE October number of the *Idler* appears in its old cover, and has upon it the name of Mr. Robert Barr as editor. In an introductory address to his readers (the points of the address are insisted on with the aid of red ink) Mr. Barr says: "I have bought the *Idler*, and I hope everyone else in England will do the same. It will cost you a simple sixpence; I paid a good deal more." After this facetious opening we are not surprised to read the following: "The truth is I don't care a rap for a great name, and I'd rather print a good story by the unknown Polly Perkins of Paddington than a poor yarn from the German Emperor of Berlin." We have no doubt that Mr. Barr will have to wade through scores of stories by "Polly Perkins of Paddington" but we hardly think he will print them. Indeed, he tells us that "since taking over the *Idler* I have read 417 manuscripts, and found just two contributions which I shall print, one of them coming from a remote corner of the Empire." Our sympathies go out equally to Polly Perkins and Mr. Barr.

It is sixteen years since Edinburgh gave to the book world *The New Amphion*, a volume of prose and poetry published in connection with the great Students' Fancy Fair, in which Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson, John Stuart Blackie, Andrew Lang and others made a brave show. It is now to have its successor. The book is issued in aid of the funds of the Queen's Edinburgh Brigade, and is compiled and edited by Mr. Stodart Walker. Poetry will be represented by Mr. Robert Bridges, the late Robert Buchanan, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Hugh Halliburton, Mr. Henry Johnstone, Mr. J. M. Bullock and others; whilst prose has attached to it the names of Mr. Quiller-Couch, the late John Stuart Blackie, Dr. Richard Garnett, Sir George Douglas, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. J. Storer Clouston, "Linesman," Mr. L. F. Austin and others. The illustrations are supplied by leading artists in black and white of the Scottish school.

THE Elizabethan Society, which has so long been associated with Toynbee Hall, announces an interesting series of papers for the coming season. These include: "Shakespeare's Philosophy," by Mr. Sidney Lee; "George Herbert," by Mr. Frederick Rogers; "Elizabethan Music," by Sir Frederick Bridge; and "Elizabethan Memoirs," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. The Toynbee Hall meetings are open to the public, and the Elizabethan Society is to be congratulated on its successful efforts to present, through the medium of such capable exponents as those named, an adequate idea of our most magnificent and untrammelled literary period.

THE *Saturday Review* continues to print correspondence under the rather pitiless heading "The Inaccuracies of Authors." Thackeray has already been convicted of some curious errors, but one of remarkable ingenuity is fixed upon by a *Saturday* detective. We read: "The pedigree of Barry Lyndon's horse 'Bay Bülow by Sophy Hardcastle out of Eclipse' ('Barry Lyndon,' p. 232) would, I fancy, make 'racing men' grin. In the argot of the Turf a colt is described as by its sire out of its dam and Thackeray's reversal of the usual order is certainly quaint." This struck us as so extraordinary that we suspected the *Saturday*'s correspondent to be wrong, but on reference to *Barry Lyndon* we found him to be right. If there is one subject more than another concerning which we might justly look for accuracy in the history of that unmitigated but amusing rascal Barry Lyndon, it is the subject of racing pedigrees.

21 October, 1902.

OUR contemporary the *Literary World* prints this week the first of a series of "Personal Sketches." Mr. H. S. Merriman is the subject, and the article opens thus:—

A hot day in the early summer of 1902, and I am resting in a little French inn till the sun shall decrease in power. There is a sound of voices—cheerful voices—outside, which is undoubtedly English in spite of excellent French. I get up and push open the green shutters just in time to see two young fellows mount their bicycles and go whirling away down the dazzling, dusty road. Henry Seton Merriman and Stanley Weyman!

We suppose there are people who like this sort of thing, and want to know whether an author is married, and whether he lives in his own house. Personally we regard the whole thing in the light of an impertinence. This passage, for instance, is everything that it should not be: "Really, if Scott [Mr. Merriman] would turn down his collars and his hair (which he wears boot-brush fashion), the likeness to R. L. S. would be striking."

Bibliographical.

I NOTICE one or two little slips of the pen in Sir Alfred Lyall's *Tennyson*. Thus, on page 154, speaking of Shelley's "Cenci," he says: "It never appeared on the boards"—which shows that Sir Alfred has never heard of the single performance of the tragedy given at the Grand Theatre, Islington, some years ago, with Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Hermann Vezin in the leading parts. Then, on page 73, Sir Alfred quotes Shakespeare as saying "Bare ruined choirs where once the sweet birds sang." On page 72 he has a reference to a volume which he calls *Tennysonia*, but which was actually entitled *Tennysonian*. On page 35 he animadverts quite properly upon the present-day practice of "footnoting" our poets, overloading the text with explanations of familiar allusion and parallel passages from other poets. "Tennyson's poems," he goes on to say, "have never yet been footnoted in this fashion." But is this quite the fact? Putting aside such poems of Tennyson as have been annotated "for the use of schools," we have such a volume as *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, edited by Mr. Churton Collins, and dated 1900. Herein there is a good deal of the footnoting which Sir Alfred deprecates, together with a very careful supply of "various readings." "I am not conscious," says Mr. Collins, "that I have left any variant unrecorded." And that, of course, is useful for the student and the specialist.

Comment was made the other day upon the number and popularity of recent books about cats. It is only right that dogs should have their turn, and one welcomes, therefore, the announcement that Mr. Grant Richards is about to publish an anthology called *Praise of the Dog*. Of course, the dog has not been wholly neglected in this direction. One remembers the little book, compiled by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, which was called *The Friend of Man, and his Friends—the Poets* (1889). This was by no means exhaustive, but covered a good deal of ground, native and foreign, ancient and modern. The English section began with Chaucer and ended with Matthew Arnold and other bards of our own time. (It would seem that the poetry of animals in general had previously been brought together in America, in 1886, in a book called *Voices for the Speechless*.) More recently (1893) we have had *The Dog in British Poetry*, a poetical anthology in four sections, starting with John Barbour and closing with some poets still alive. This book was interestingly annotated.

Mr. Brimley Johnson will include in his attractive York Library a collection of the songs which T. L. Peacock inserted in his novels. This is an excellent notion, and

one on which Mr. Johnson is to be congratulated. Attention was drawn to the excellence and interest of the said songs in the anthology entitled *Songs from the Novelists*, which appeared in 1885. The editor of that collection printed specimen lyrics from *Headlong Hall*, *Melincourt*, *Nightmare Abbey*, *Crotchet Castle*, and *Gryll Grange*. These were—"In his last binn Sir Peter lies," "Tis said the rose is Love's own flower," "Seamen three! what men be ye?" "In the Days of Old," and "I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing." I would suggest to Mr. Johnson that he should bring together companion volumes made up of songs from Scott's novels and from Bulwer's romances. Certainly Scott should be done.

Prof. W. P. Trent, who has written the forthcoming book on *American Literature* for Mr. Heinemann's "Short Histories of the World," has also supplied the critical introduction for the translation of Daudet's *Nabob* which the same publisher is to issue shortly. His literary *début* in England was made just ten years ago, when he published here his *Life of William Gillmore Simms*. This was followed by *Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime* (1897), *John Milton: a Short Study of his Life and Works* (1899), *Robert E. Lee* (1899), and *The Authority of Criticism, and Other Essays*.

The admirers of the late Mr. Lionel Johnson may be glad to have the dates of his three publications—*The Art of Thomas Hardy* (1894), *Poems* (1895), and *Ireland, with Other Poems* (1897). My own first acquaintance with his verse was made in 1892, when he contributed several pieces to *The Book of the Rhymers' Club*. Of these pieces, "By the Statue of King Charles the First at Charing Cross" excited hopes which have scarcely been fulfilled.

A bibliographical interest attaches to two recent publications of Mr. Grant Richards, albeit they are only little books for children. *Tales About the Sea and the Islands in the Pacific* is by "Peter Parley," and appears to be a combination of two booklets, issued in America in 1845, and entitled *Tales of the Sea* and *Tales about the Islands of the Pacific*. These, it seems, were afterwards amalgamated, an eighth edition being issued in London by William Tagg in 1863. It is not quite clear to which of the editions Mr. Richards has gone, and a bibliographical note would have been interesting, though it might have frightened Paterfamilias away. The other little book to which I refer is *Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation*, which seems to date from the second quarter of last century. In one of the editions I have seen there is an appendix of conundrums, which, however, Mr. Richards has not reproduced.

I remarked some time ago upon the absence of an English version of the maxims of Vauvenargues. I now see that Miss Elizabeth Lee is to give us a selection from them. In the same volume she will include a selection from the *Characters* of La Bruyère. La Bruyère, however, is fairly well known in English versions. There was the translation of the *Characters* produced by Mr. Van Laun (with memoir, notes and illustrations) in 1885. Then there was the translation by Helen Stott, entitled *Morals and Manners of the 17th Century*, and published a dozen years ago in "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors."

We are to have yet another edition of the poems of the Ettrick Shepherd, who seems to be getting popular again. Last year he was the object of a memoir in the "Famous Scots" series. In 1898 came a *Memorial Volume* comprising the speeches made at a local celebration of his merits. In 1893 was issued *The Story of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd*, with selections, by J. C. Hadden, from his poems. Still earlier came (in 1887) the collection of Hogg's verses contributed by Mrs. Garden to the "Canterbury Poets."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"The Great Name of Wesley."

John Wesley's Journal. Abridged by Percy Livingstone Parker. (Isbister. 3s. 6d. net.)

This abridgment of Wesley's *Journal* is ushered into the world with a two-fold "foreword" (as is now the fashion to call such prefatory matter), which bespeaks much wisdom of this world on the publishers' part. For the Methodist public to whom it specially appeals there is an "Introduction" by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a shining light of Dissent. For the purely literary, to whom it also has appeal, there is an "Appreciation" "reprinted in part" from Mr. Birrell's "Miscellanies." It is not unamusing to note the diverse outlook of the two introductions. Mr. Price Hughes cannot understand "what Mr. Birrell means by saying," as Mr. Birrell from his standpoint naturally does say, that "as a writer Wesley has not achieved distinction. He was no Athanasius, no Augustine; he was ever a preacher." Mr. Price Hughes's instinctive first idea is to take and rebut it as a theological criticism. Then it occurs to him that it may have to do with style; and he opines that Wesley purposely eschewed "the niceties of literary taste" in order to Christianise his countrymen. "Even so, the style of some of his more literary productions is a model of lucidity and grace." But it needs no introduction and no style to make this abridgment a welcome popularisation of a document humanly and historically valuable.

For its glimpses of the English people in the eighteenth century, for its light on Wesley's own character, it is interesting even to those who do not revere Wesley as the founder of their creed. "Niceties of literary taste" indeed there are not, for a much deeper reason than ascetic renunciation of style. Wesley could not eschew what was not in him, nor would the sternest plainness have eliminated it had it been part of his nature. Style is no mere matter of intention. Lucidity there is; but the matter was not difficult of statement. Grace there is none: it was no part of Wesley's character. A clean vernacular is the chief literary merit, but not marked or choice enough for distinction. Johnson admired the *Journal*, very naturally: it has the strong good sense which appealed to the Doctor's own nature, with the strong piety which made to him no less appeal. Wesley's parentage and training fostered both qualities. His mother combined a resolute religiousness with the discipline of a Spartan woman. She boasted (Mr. Birrell reminds us) that by frequent punishment she had taught her children to cry softly! Withal she knew Latin and Greek. The father, Samuel, was a fit mate for her. He absolutely cast her off for a time, because he discovered that she was secretly Jacobite in sympathy. Strength, persistency, and preoccupation with religion came naturally to the son of such a pair.

It is easy to understand why Wesley, without the vehement eloquence of his fellow preacher, Whitfield, yet laid hold on the English populace. He is pattern Anglo-Saxon, of the staple, not the exceptional, kind. Imagination he had as little as might be. True, he reads Homer; but even there he is greatly preoccupied with Homer's religion and morals:—

In riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought, and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his pagan prejudices! Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree.

It is very characteristic, and among the few references to profane poetry in the *Journal*. Characteristic, too, that the tireless man reads Homer on horseback, between two missions. It was his practice so to read. Thus he read

Law "On the New Birth," and though strongly influenced by that writer's "Serious Call," cannot away with this book. "Philosophical, speculative, Behmenish, void, and vain!" he pronounces. "Philosophical," you mark, is significantly a word of blame in his mouth. Nothing mystical can he tolerate; it is nonsense or madness. He reads the life of St. Catherine of Genoa (most luckless of selections for him; a book for Huysmans) and cannot contain himself:—

I am sure this was a fool of a saint; that is, if it was not the folly of her historian, who has aggrandised her into an idiot. Indeed we seldom find a saint of God's making, sainted by the Bishop of Rome.

His mind admits nothing outside practical, business-like religion, for every-day English consumption. It is a characteristic touch, that bankrupts were thrust out from among his disciples, unless they could be proved not responsible for their failure. All this was precisely suited to the English people, who love practicality, and have no sympathy for imagination.

Again, he had a wide toleration, and was little concerned with doctrine. In the outset, at least, he cared nothing for men's doctrines, provided he could make them "Christians." He mourns over Luther:—

O! what pity that he had no faithful friend! None that would, at all hazards, rebuke him plainly and sharply, for his rough untractable spirit, and bitter zeal for opinions, so greatly obstructive of the work of God!

Even his quarrel with Whitfield was healed:—

How wise is God [he reflects] in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner were a means of profiting many, who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking.

Above all, his indomitable "pluck" and perseverance spoke to the very heart of the Anglo-Saxon. He had the power of his intense earnestness. Though he was no fiery orator like Whitfield, that deep earnestness yet moved men and women even to frequent hysteria. And he was indefatigable in private no less than public ministry, in counselling the living and praying by the dying. His religious conviction was profound, and carried into the daily matters of his life. Such conviction, animating so stubborn a natural courage, was a force irresistible. It displays itself sometimes in ways which have their humorous side. He found the Leeds mob in September, 1745, high of spirits,—

Being ready to knock out all our brains for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was Emperor. What a melancholy consideration is this! that the bulk of the English nation will not suffer God to give them the blessings he would; because they would turn them into curses. He cannot, for instance, give them success against their enemies; for they would tear their own countrymen in pieces; he cannot trust them with victory, lest they should thank him by murdering those that are quiet in the land.

This viewing of national misfortunes in the light of a mob's behaviour towards John Wesley, has a curious narrowness. A great thunderstorm accompanies his preaching to a London assembly. He notes:—

It was observed that, exactly at this hour, they were acting "Macbeth" at Drury Lane; and just as the mock-thunder began, the Lord began to thunder out of heaven. For a while it put them to a stand; but they soon took courage, and went on. Otherwise it might have been suspected that the fear of God had crept into the very theatre.

The event is historic in the annals of the stage; the gloss on it is all Wesley's own. The real cause for the momentary pause is said to have been the breach of illusion created by the mingling of real with simulated thunder—very disconcerting to the performance. Similarly, fatigued in his preaching, on one occasion, by a hot sun, towards the end of his sermon a cloud obscured the sun, and remained till he had finished. He devoutly rejoices in

such an obvious intervention of Providence on behalf of the elect, even in the smallest matters. Yet, where religion seems to him unconcerned, he is the cautious, common-sense Englishman. Two people certify to him an apparition in the clouds (doubtless a mirage). He suspends his judgment, with that "if" which, according to Touchstone, has such virtue. Many like examples could be quoted. Another source of his power with the common people was his sincere devotion to their evangelisation. He was as firmly wedded to it as any Franciscan. He had none of the snobbery which is painful in Madden and some other of his followers—perhaps his universal training saved him from it. He spends an hour "pleasantly and profitably" with Lady This and Sir That; upon which he comments:—

It is well a few of the rich and noble are called. O that God would increase their number! But I should rejoice (were it the will of God) if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still (as I have done hitherto) preach the Gospel to the poor.

But he tells you roundly that he had no temperamental love for such work:—

What marvel the devil does not love field-preaching? Neither do I: I love a commodious room, a soft cushion, an handsome pulpit. But where is my zeal, if I do not trample all these under foot, in order to save one more soul?

Despite the Countess of Huntingdon and her Methodist apostolate, Methodism was, in fact, from the beginning what it remains—the creed of the middle classes and the poor. On them this sturdy gentleman with his narrow but intense and single purpose, his courage, his tenacity, his energy, his profound religious belief, took a hold but faintly shadowed by the spread of the Salvation Army. In Cornwall, Yorkshire, the Midlands, &c., he was met with fierce popular hostility at the outset; these very quarters are now strongholds of Methodism, and in his life he witnessed and describes the astonishing change. Into the fervid and often strange details of his work we have no space to go. It is an absorbing book, and the revelation of a character English to the backbone.

Nursery Nonsense—for Parents.

Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 6s.) If all the stories in this very pleasant book were equal in spirit and fun and fancy to "The Elephant's Child," it would rank with the best works of manufactured nonsense in the language. Elephants in those days, it should be stated, had blunt noses, like boots. One day the Elephant's Child set out to discover what the crocodile has for dinner, information on that subject in the home circle having been withheld and punishment substituted. At last, after long travel, he "trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green greasy Limpopo River." Here the *Just So* text must be followed:—

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, and including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and so, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more."

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think," said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—"I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!"

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuttled down from the bank and said, "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster" (and by this he meant the Crocodile) "will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson."

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, "This is too butch for be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind-legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck" (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile) "will permanently vitiate your future career."

This is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

That is a long passage, but it is necessary to quote so much to illustrate Mr. Kipling's method. It is good fooling, but to our mind it is not quite right, not just so. Try reading it aloud to a small child—the author's intention—and you will find, as in all the stories, that there are many false notes. One has to slur over this, omit that, if one is to interest the child to the full. (The conversational manner, for example, of the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake is not funny to children. It is funny only to creatures of civilisation.) Hence, judged from the nursery standpoint, as we imagine Mr. Kipling wishes his book to be judged, the *Just So Stories* are not what they should be.

Mr. Kipling's danger in writing nonsense is sophistication. This book is certainly too sophisticated, and for children its interest is not to be compared with that of the *Jungle Books*, which are, in our opinion, their author's finest achievement. Children prefer serious stories to funny ones; there is not a child in the world who would not rather read about Rikki Tikki than anything in these pages. The illusion of reality must be maintained as it is, amid all the nonsense, in the *Alice* books; the tongue must never go into the cheek. Children like fun, but

they care little for it in books. An uncle on his hands and knees is worth all the written words of the humourists.

All the *Just So Stories* are not by any means equally good, and once or twice Mr. Kipling is positively dull. No child could see the point of the apologue at the end, "The Butterfly that Stamped." "How the Alphabet was Made" is tedious. "The First Letter" is a little heavy, and the invention shown in "How the Rhinoceros got his Skin" is poor. We rather fancy that all the stories we have named came later, not only in place, but in time. The first sprightly runnings were, we conjecture, the capital stories of the Whale and the Camel, the Armadillo and the Elephant; which, although their fun is mainly for sophisticated persons, are most ingenious and entertaining, and which, read aloud with some dramatic assistance by a good reader, would keep the nursery enthralled, if a little bit puzzled now and then.

One thing the book shows very clearly, and that is that Mr. Kipling has still two worlds to conquer. He has it in him to write some wonderful fables in the *Aesopian* manner, and, if he would be a little more humble, to do for English children in some degree what Hans Christian Andersen did for Danish. He lacks the simplicity and delicacy of that great man, and he has neither his instinct nor his interest in children. If Mr. Kipling were really interested in pleasing children wholly he would have excised many of the cleverer things in this book; but if he could bring himself to take rather more seriously the task of amusing children, there is practically nothing he could not do for them.

We quoted last week one of the pieces of rhyme wedged in between the stories. Here is another in a more serious manner, quite the most charming of all:—

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain,—
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry—
The silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the skies above.

In mocassins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far—oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him.

But in the verses, as in some of the stories, the author seems to us to have taken too few pains to be really entertaining to his chosen audience. He has ignored the fact that the child in the nursery (to adopt Mr. Dobson) can criticise too.

Mr. Kipling's pictures—for the book is illustrated by himself—are not very good, even of their kind. They are confused and heavy. But his descriptions of them are a joy.

Dante and His Development.

Dante and His Time. By Karl Federn. With an Introduction by A. J. Butler. (Heinemann.)

This version of Dr. Karl Federn's work on Dante is remarkable for one unusual feature: it is not an ordinary translation, but a revised issue in English by the author himself, with a special view to English readers. Certainly, his introducer, Mr. Butler, congratulates him with no more than justice on his success in using a foreign tongue. If

not actually immaculate, the book has fewer inelegancies or idiomatic errors than the average work of English translators. It supplies a want in English studies of Dante, namely, a synopsis, not only of Dante's life according to the latest criticism, but of his whole *milieu*—the historical, social, literary, philosophical, scientific, political, ethical, and religious conditions of his day. This latter study, indeed, occupies the greater portion of the book: the poet's life and work absorb but a minor space at the end. Nor as a critic of the writings, though sober and knowledgeable, is Dr. Federn of special mark; there are books in English more valuable on these points. It is the comprehensive survey of the poet's age which gives the volume its individual place. That survey shows wide knowledge of the latest results, and a sedulous endeavour of scholarly appreciation. There are but two points on which we conceive him to show limitation, a rather regrettable defect of certain qualities. In the first place, he takes an over-harsh view of the middle ages; sees with minute vividness their drawbacks, and has not a quite compensating vision of their excellencies. In the second place, Dr. Federn is what would be called abroad a strong anti-clerical. He takes the view that all literary and artistic progress has been a struggle between the Church and the apostles of humanity. With the rightness of this view we are unconcerned. But practically it means a bitter bias against mediæval religion, which is a dry-rot to his generalisations and dogmatic statements regarding all that touches this religion. They are unsafe without search for confirmation. And this is unfortunate in a study of Dante. We could, but will not specify examples, because it would take us too far, and because (with all prudence) we should be run between the Scylla of the *odium theologicum* and the Charybdis of the *odium antitheologicum*. But the results are very marked throughout an otherwise excellent book.

The great political element which influenced Dante's life in those tangled times was the Guelf and Ghibelline warfare. The enormous Roman Empire, blown upon by the winds of barbarism, split like a rending sail into East and West. Reunited for a space by Constantine, it tore again under his successors; and thenceforth "East was East, and West was West." The East shrank to the limp and meagre Byzantine Empire; the West smouldered away in Gothic fire, till Rome was tacitly abandoned to the Popes. Charlemagne took up the Western succession, and dreamed himself the father of a new Cesarean line, Overlords of Italy and the West. But the worms had not finished their imperial banquet in the sepulchre of Aix-la-Chapelle, when his own dominion fell asunder to East and West, parting into Germany and France. Germany itself was dashed to fragments by the Scavs, till loosely recompacted by a Saxon chief. His son Otho entered Italy, like Charlemagne, to help the Pope; and obtained Charlemagne's reward—the succession to the Roman Emperors of the West. Thus the title of the German Emperors had to do much less with Germany than with a "Holy Roman Empire" which was really as dead as Julius Caesar. But the Papacy had planted a thorn in its own side; for thenceforth the German Emperors were obsessed by the ambition to make their Italian title a sovereign fact; whence constant strife between Emperor and Pope, in which Italians took opposite sides. This, which is so little to us, was everything to Dante. For though his father had been Guelf, he was a fierce Ghibelline, or partisan of the Emperor. To us, in the perspective of history, this Imperial claim seems the shadowiest anachronism. We wonder that sane Emperors could waste blood and treasure on it, with their own Germany turbulent and un-united behind them: as if Alfred had set out to conquer France before he had the petty kings of England under his heel. But four centuries of recognition had made the title real to the Italians, and all tradition was behind it. Moreover, it came to embody the perpetual struggle of State against Church: and it was

in this practical light that it appealed to Dante. But in Florence the victorious Guelfs themselves split into "Blacks" and "Whites," or *Bianchi* and *Neri*; and the Ghibellines (including Dante) curiously joined the *Bianchi*, the popular party.

Into this distracted city Durante, or Dante, Alighieri was born. Who dreams that the supreme Italian poet and the supreme English poet bore almost an identical surname? Yet so it is. Alighiero (the name of Dante's grandfather) is a German name, and probably, says Dr. Federn, was derived from *Aldiger*, which means "Rule-spear." A better city for the growth of poet or artist there could scarce be than Florence. It was more like a Greek than a modern city, and of all cities most like Athens in her prime. The same "fierce democracy" clung with the same intense local patriotism to a fatherland nested within the city walls. The same fulness of trade nurtured it to importance. The same circumscribed life turned its energies inward, and created from a municipality the image of a State in miniature. Beyond the walls its territory was less than that of Athens. Its pent-up vitality seethed in the same relentless factions, though the final result was different. And this inward-driven vitality broke forth, like a volcano, in the same surprising and abundant shower of diversified genius. Narrow limits are good for genius. Dante and Michael Angelo are proof enough.

All the narrowed intensity and greatness of Florence seem to be in Dante, and must have been fostered by its training. He grew up in a little grey city, full of pictorial sight and sound, which was creating itself into art. He saw on market days, through its narrow streets over-browed by the projecting upper stories of the houses, the mules pass laden with oil and wine from the country, carts piled with corn and drawn by great white oxen, the bear across their foreheads which yoked them to the cart. The oven shone in the sun which cut the large black shadows. In the small squares whence were seen the numberless towers of Florence, sharp against the intense blue, the red and green and white-gowned citizens paused to chat of politics. He grew up a politician, for politics were a second business to every Florentine. Were you for Pope or for Emperor? Were you a White and for the people, or a Black and for the nobles? You might see Corso Donati, the able and reckless leader of the Blacks, the Castlereagh of Florence, riding through the streets on his black horse, with a troop of friends and kinsmen. The people, despite themselves, cheer the handsome and stately dare-devil whom they hate: the White leaders, our rising Dante among them, pass with bent brows, to which he returns a disdainful glance; and it is well if no broil arise. For Corso presently was Dante's bitter enemy; and our friend Guido Cavalcanti is rasher of temper than we. Dante as a youth had seen the houses of the Galigai go to the ground because one of the family had killed a Florentine—in France!

Poetry, too, early engaged him. He was hand in glove with the Guido Cavalcanti already mentioned; and Cavalcanti had succeeded Guido Guinicelli as the second mark to write Italian poetry in the "New Style." What had been written before, in Sicily for instance, was imitation of Provencal song. Dante himself had studied, perhaps written Provencal verse, which was a second tongue to literary Italians. It had perished before the wrath of the Church which it assailed: the new style kept clear of overt attack which had proved so disastrous. Perhaps through his connexion with men like Cavalcanti he became the friend of Giotto the painter and most of the artistic and intellectual "set" of Florence. This Dante whom Giotto painted is other than the Dante we know. Student, politician, poet, self-centred, doubtless, strong of will and passions, but a softer, lighter, more sensitive, perhaps gayer Dante; a brilliant youth, to whom all things were possible. He and his friends picked sixty Florentine ladies whom they judged fairest, and

referred to them by numbers in their poems. Not much melancholy here! Yet Dante, like Milton, it is likely "joked wi' deeficulty," as some verses of his hint, no better than Milton's on Hobson the carrier. At the same time he was having his baptism of war at Campaldino, and felt not a little frightened, as he ingenuously says. The flower of this time was that beautiful and mysterious poem, the "Vita Nuova," on which no two critics agree. There *was* a Beatrice, doubtless; but already she is so overlaid with allegory that not a fact about her can be deemed certain—save that she was *not* Beatrice Portinari. That is the tantalising truth.

After what he calls the death of Beatrice, our Dante went considerably to the bad. We may take that from outside witness; though even here his own language is so largely allegorical that we can say little more. Perhaps it was in reaction from this that he made his fatal entry into leading politics. At any rate, it was no mere political wrong which soured and hardened him. Fiery inner experience and dire spiritual struggle had gone over him and set the trenches on his brow, before Florence cast him without her walls. Now, too, he began the grim study which made him one of the most all-knowing minds of the age. Then he came to power in a "White" government, to be overthrown by a "Black" revolution, thrown forth from his city, and began that "wandering of his feet perpetually" which has made him, more truly than Byron, "the Pilgrim of Eternity." Thenceforth he looked to a German invasion for his restoration; and a personal motive deepened the intensity of his stern Ghibelline politics. The "bitter bread" of clientage sharpened the iron lines about his mouth. All his learning, all his misery, all that Florence and his Florentine blood and the world had taught him, went to the making of his great poem. It is most narrow, most universal; it is the middle ages, it is Dante; it is Florence, it is the world. It is so civic, that the damned and the saints amid their tortures and beatitudes turn excited politicians; and not merely politicians, but Italian politicians; and not merely Italian politicians, but Florentine politicians; and not merely Florentine politicians, but Ghibelline politicians; and not merely Ghibelline, but Dantean politicians. An act of treachery to Florence is enough for damnation. The heavens look forward and exult, to the coming of the German into Italy. We must realise that for Dante the Emperor meant the salvation of Italy, the Church—and himself, to understand these things. He damns or saves men as familiar to his readers as Gladstone or the late Archbishop of Canterbury, at his own election. He elevates (apparently) an early sweetheart to a semi-divine supremacy. Yet the vastness of his understanding and conception makes his poem overwhelmingly impressive to Teutons who look on mediæval religion as a myth. That poem is so august, so shot with lights of peace and tenderness, that it is accepted as the gospel of mediæval Christendom. Withal it has a severity stern even to truculence, which is of Dante pure and simple—another spirit from that "Hymn to the Sun" of the gentle Francis of Assisi. And all this because he is Dante—that strange unity of which we know so much, and so singularly little.

Bishop and Essayist.

Historical Essays and Reviews. By Mandell Creighton. Edited by Louise Creighton. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

THESE essays show everywhere the scholarship for which the late Bishop of London was famed, but show it in differing measure. Some are essays which many men could have written, and would not have attracted notice by writing, though a mild competence would be conceded to the writer. Dr. Creighton, in fact, has mastered his subject at the time he studied it, but has afterwards suffered the progress of research to pass him by. Others,

which are in his own particular "line," are good throughout. To the former class we would refer the opening essay on Dante. It shows a sympathetic and cultivated appreciation of the poet, without being anywise brilliant. But in dealing with those points of Dante's life and so forth on which research is constantly and increasingly at work, the essay is often at fault, its statements obsolete or contrary to the most recent views. For example, we have the traditional assertion that the lady of the "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia" was Beatrice Portinari, an idea set aside by later explorers of the thorny Dantean ways. It is very possible, however, that a statement of date would explain and excuse this; the more regrettable is it, therefore, that the dates of the various articles are not assigned. On the other hand, such an essay as that on Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini is within Dr. Creighton's special range as an author, and exhibits him to good advantage. The kindly, tolerant, yet independent and quite unsparing analysis of this Pope's character is excellently done. A good example of his manner is the account of Aeneas' versatility on page 62. It is done with the lightest of touches, and a quiet humour which has its own grace. Yet in essence it is a summary of arid facts, in which another writer would have discerned nothing amusing. An interesting essay in its way is that on the development of the Northumbrian Border—a bye-matter in history which has received little attention. But it has not the interest of handling which distinguishes the Renaissance essays; and these on the whole show Dr. Creighton at his best. They are numerous enough to give a value to a book which will not decrease, but will hardly increase the author's existing reputation.

A characteristic example is that on Gismondo Malatesta and his artistic glories in Rimini. There is in it no original research, it is a compilation from Yriarte and other authorities, artistic or historical, open to all students; but it is pleasantly and gracefully handled, with the tolerant spirit which informs all these essays. It needs some toleration to deal with Gismondo. Pope Pius II. (Aeneas Sylvius), himself a very mixed character to whom Dr. Creighton devotes the essay already mentioned, branded him as "King of traitors, enemy of God and men." He also burned him in effigy, characteristically paying a round sum for the finest effigy obtainable. Yet he pronounced him also to have "great powers of mind and body," and to be "richly endowed with eloquence and military skill," besides accomplished in most knowledge of the age. The church of St. Francis at Rimini, is an extraordinary monument of the man and the time, in describing which Dr. Creighton luxuriates. It is virtually a heathen temple, to the glory of Gismondo and his wife Isotta. Built in classic style, the interior calmly mingles choirings angels and cupids. "Roses, elephants, and the interlaced initials of Isotta and her lover" are everywhere. "Draped musicians play the guitar, beat the tambourine, dance with cymbals, and blow trumpets; while others sport with the emblems of Isotta and the badge of Gismondo." The seven planets are set forth in allegorical relief, and the signs of the zodiac; the symbolism of all which is certainly more pagan than Christian. One chapel is adorned with the games of childhood:—

Little amorini sport amidst the waters, chase ducks, ride on shells, or are mounted on the backs of dolphins; or they dance merrily round a fountain, conduct their leader in a mimic triumph, and even ride a-cock-horse, and play at horses.

Most profane and most artistic, never was there such a church. And the character of the extraordinary man who commissioned its erection is a congenial theme for Dr. Creighton. In tolerant, broad-minded weighing and reconciliation of contradictory qualities he excels; and to such themes be turns by nature.

Other New Books.

Condensed Novels: New Burlesques. By Bret Harte. (Chatto and Windus.)

We cannot disguise the fact that this book has been a disappointment. The *Condensed Novels* of the same author which delighted the world more than a quarter of a century ago have become a classic; Bret Harte, we fear, ought to have relied on the reputation that that book gave him. Only a bold man would, after so long an interval, attempt to provide such an essentially youthful joke with a companion. Sequels are proverbially unsatisfactory even when they come close upon the heels of their forerunners. But after so many years . . . ! Another reason for the failure of this book to awaken the old raptures is the inferiority of the parodist's quarry. In the sixties Bret Harte directed his battery of laughter at the giants, at Dumas and Dickens, Charlotte Brontë (who can ever forget Mr. Rawjester nervously tying knots in the poker?) and Victor Hugo. In the present volume his brains have been busy with Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli, E. N. Westcott and Sir Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope and Mr. Kipling. The odd thing is that the old novels are the fresher. *Miss Mix* and *The Dweller on the Threshold* still impart a thrill as we turn to them, but burlesques of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Caine seem very old game.

We like best part of *Jungle Folk*, from which we quote a little:—

Three or four Gee Gees, already at the pool, moved away on the approach of the Moo Kow.

"Why do ye stand aside?" said the Moo Kow.

"Why do you say 'ye'?" said the Gee Gees together.

"Because it's more impressive than 'you.' Don't you know that all animals talk that way in English?" said the Moo Kow.

"And they also say 'thou'—and don't forget it!" interrupted Miaow, from the tree. "I learnt that from a Man Cub."

"What should they know of England who only England know?" said Miaow.

"Is that a conundrum?" asked the Moo Kow.

"No; it's poetry," said the Miaow.

"And I," said the Moo Kow, "am terrible. When the young women and children in the village see me approach they fly shriekingly. My presence alone has scattered their sacred festival—The Sunde's Kool Piknik. I strike terror to their utmost souls, and am more feared by them than even Kreep-mows, the insidious! And yet, behold! I have taken the place of the mothers of men, and I have nourished the mighty ones of the earth! But that," said the Moo Kow, turning her head aside bashfully, "that is Anudder Story."

A dead silence fell on the pool.

If the book were all like that it would be good enough fooling, though far from having the quality of the first series. As it is, the best things—and there are some very ingenious comic ideas here and there—are widely separated.

Among Swamps and Giants in Equatorial Africa. By Major H. H. Austin. (Pearson. 15s. net.)

A CHARACTER in one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays raised a laugh by declaring soldiers to be cowards—they are afraid of their officers, he explains; but it was about the cheapest "G. B. S." ever bought. It is fidelity to the Leader of the Pack that is the key to all great achievement in the subjugation of the world to man. And that leaders who can inspire fidelity still spring from the old stock we are agreeably reminded at a time when, though we make the best of it, our racial self-confidence, upon which so much depends, has been shaken. Here is Major Austin's frank and temperate account of the two expeditions which, since October 1899, he has conducted for survey purposes into the unexplored regions that lie between the Egyptian and Abyssinian boundaries. In the second, of the fifty-nine Sudanese who accompanied the

three white men only fourteen came through alive; and the leader of the party, Major Austin himself, reached the British station half blind, half deaf, racked with pain and corrupt with scurvy. And as day after day hope fled before them and man after man broke down, the remnant said: "So long as you are well and strong, effendi, we have no fear." The text is illustrated with good photographs of the native peoples, and with two detailed maps of the regions explored. A rousing, modest, and courageous book.

The Black Police of Queensland. By E. B. Kennedy. (Murray.)

THE days of the sixties were rough old [days; and these "reminiscences of official work and personal adventures in the early days of the colony" of Queensland abound in the spirit of a stage passed by. In those days gold was first smelled out; and to the rough spirit of the age and place it was "funny" to see the Chinese seekers driven at the cry "Roll up, roll up," helter-skelter, whirled along with an incessant jabbering, and hauled in by their floating pigtails. But more serious sides of life are illustrated too. We might suggest (but we don't) as a text for an essay on the prospects of missionary enterprise, the following offer obligingly made to our Policeman at his first landing by a native convert: "You give mine tixpence mine say lorpren tin commands budgery quick all same white fellow." The illustrations comprise two delightfully grotesque fancies by Sir Frank Lockwood. On the whole, a book quite worth writing; therefore worth reading.

An Australian Girl in London. By Louise Mack (Mrs. J. P. Creed). (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MRS. CREED dedicates this vivacious volume of correspondence to "Lord Beauchamp, late Governor of New South Wales." The author takes rather an unnecessary time over preliminaries—interesting enough in themselves—for we do not get to the beginning of her true impressions of London till page 116. Then we read:—

The day came.

It was a surprise from the earliest dawn-light. We were in the Thames, the sky was blue, the light was keen and merry, and at the water's edge was green grass.

This surprise pursues the author with remarkable pertinacity. The true Londoner also is continually surprised by the endless variety and contrasts of this city of magic, but he may learn something from the freshness of Mrs. Creed's point of view. Even he, looking back upon his first distinct impressions, will see the force of this passage:—

The streets seem to menace you. The loveliest scenery mocks you. The song of a lark, or a thrush, stabs you like a neuralgic pain. The children playing about under your eyes are loathly little objects. All the men and women who pass by you reveal the innate cruelty of all men and women. But the cruellest of all is the sky over your head. Once glance at it and you are undone for ever.

But this apparent pitilessness of London fades as the writer gains experience. She hears music, sees pictures, begins to understand the glamour of the streets, so that at last she cries: "Oh, London! London! how did I ever live without you? I no longer go about asking in an awestricken voice, 'Is this the Soho?' 'Is that the Regent Street?' 'Is this the Piccadilly?' I no longer say to myself 'You're in London.' I accept it at last, and surrender to the spell of the City of Mists." Every true London lover will thank Mrs. Creed for these vivid if rather feverish impressions.

The Adventures of Captain John Smith. By E. P. Roberts. (Longmans.)

This simple narrative records, in the manner of an adventure book, though with closer regard to historical fact, the

doings of a man who justly represented, in his way, the great Elizabethan tradition. John Smith came of practically Yeoman stock, on the estate of Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby; a fact in itself sufficient to account for his roving spirit. He may, perhaps, be best compared with that later and perhaps greater personality, Paul Jones. He played innumerable parts, and always with distinction. Even when he sold his school-books to a pedlar, there seemed in the boyish peccadillo something of the hand of destiny; for just as he was about to set off for the nearest sea-port on the proceeds of this minor theft a messenger carried him back to his father's death-bed. "I charge thee," said his father, "ever to love and honour the good Lord Willoughby during his life," and that charge the son faithfully fulfilled. Smith was artilleryman, cavalry-officer, explorer, surveyor, agriculturalist, and sea-captain—occupations which again recall Paul Jones. But the fact, perhaps trifling in itself, by which he is best remembered, is his connexion with the Princess Pocahontas. Being condemned to death by the Princess's father, she, by one heroic and immortal act, saved him from destruction: their two names henceforth were inseparable.

The author summarises Tom Smith's achievements thus:—

He kept alight the torch of patriotism that had blazed so brightly among the Elizabethans, and handed it on to his successors. . . . He accepted the task gladly which "God, after his manner, assigns to His Englishmen."

That may suffice for a sufficient tribute to a man whose love of England was absolute and sincere.

We cordially welcome a new issue in volume form of Charles Lamb's *Rosamund Gray* (Brimley Johnson). No more delicate and pathetic story of its kind was ever written, and such an edition as this, admirable in point of type and paper, should introduce it to those people—and they are many—who buy pretty books for the shelf and then read them because they happen to be there. The volume has for frontispiece Hazlitt's well-known portrait of Lamb.

From the same publisher we receive *Two Love Stories*, by Robert Southey. These are reprinted from that mine of miscellaneous wealth, *The Doctor*, which was originally published in seven volumes (1834-1847). For some reason difficult to conjecture Southey never formally acknowledged the authorship of *The Doctor*. Perhaps he was pre-occupied with his importance as a poet. But *The Doctor* will remain of value when every line of his verse is forgotten. The volume is prefixed by Opie's portrait of the author.

We have just received from Messrs. Dent two additions to their "Temple Fielding": *Tom Jones* (4 vols.) and *Amelia* (3 vols.). The introductions to both books are simple and adequate, and each has the author's original dedication. From that which precedes *Tom Jones*, addressed to the "Honourable George Littleton, Esq.," we quote the following always pregnant and interesting passage: "I have employed all the wit and humour of which I am master in the following history; wherein I have endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices." Mankind laughs with Fielding, but its follies and vices remain pretty much the same.

The Coronation Book of Edward VII., by Mr. W. T. Loftie (Cassell), is an interesting memorial of an event which this generation must regard with poignant memories. The volume includes historical descriptions of "Crowns and Thrones," "The Regalia," "Coronation Processions," and so forth, and it carries the narrative down to the time of the King's illness and his coronation on the 9th of August. The illustrations are good on the whole, though some of the coloured plates are not quite satisfactory. As the record of a great and dramatic event the book could hardly be better.

Fiction.

Felix. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE pen of Mr. Robert Hichens shows great dexterity in the portraiture of women with strange lusts. Some time ago he gave us a picturesque example of female infatuation for jewellery; to-day he gives us an example of the female slave of the morphia habit. The drawing of Mrs. Ismey is masterly, as indeed is much else in *Felix*. She is represented as the wife of a distinguished publisher, and her charm is indisputable, though subject to sinister interruptions, until she is finally revealed in all that shameful squalor of mind and body from which not even wealth can save the morphinomaniac. It is difficult to praise her quite rightly in a paragraph; we can only suggest how coarsely she would have been done by the majority of even women-writers, who would have stifled us with her. On the contrary, she remains feminine, and the flavour of her excellent little nothings of speech is pleasant on the tongue, even while we "nose with passionate attention" the drug which covers her hand with filthy stains. Vice hath her mysteries, and the signs and tokens which announce rather than explain them are cunningly rendered by our author. *Felix* is a youth on the threshold of manhood who worships Mrs. Ismey at the expense of his filial duty. He is incredibly credulous, yet he is by no means a lay figure. There is excellent satire in the conception of a youth who imagines himself profoundly acquainted with life because he has read Balzac's *Human Comedy*, a youth who has to discover that parsons who wear "jampot" collars can be estimable fellows, and that a woman may be afraid of lifts and at the same time capable of self-denying heroism.

The opening of the story is admirable; the episode of the secluded tailor whose whole soul glowed with the honour of having made Balzac trousers without feet is a little masterpiece. There is in the whole story a humanity, coming from a desire to bring out the gleams of goodness in bad and of charm in stupid people, that we admire unaffectedly. And lastly Mr. Hichens has remembered to be abstemious: he is brilliant without vulgarity.

The Concession-Hunters. By Harold Bindloss. (Chatto. 6s.)

AFTER a fictional excursion west of Winnipeg, Mr. Bindloss returns to West Africa for the theme of a story which we can recommend for its picturesque and heroical rendering of life on the banks of dank oil-rivers among traders, missionaries, and negroes. The gentlemen in the title are after mahogany which King Shotille, an African of delightful turpitude, cedes first to them and then to an unscrupulous agent who succumbs to the power of the Ju-Ju. King Shotille and the other bush-negroes are drawn with remarkable spirit and humour. They are not farcical puppets, but shrewd oafs who bargain for their bokuses of red or green-case gin with scant waste of nonsense.

Praise is due to the portrait of the martyr-missionary Legh; the feeling of triumph in his life is communicated to the reader without any idealisation of his black converts. Probably Mr. Bindloss gets as near success as he has ever got in the specific craft of the novelist in his description of the mission station at Warrimba. The bigotry is there as well as the self-sacrifice, the missionaries being human as well as Christian.

It is natural to dwell, however, on the interest rather than the art of such a book. The art in truth is still a little juvenile, although it is really creditable to discard, as Mr. Bindloss does, the diamond and ingot tradition in African fiction in favour of mahogany and oil. The weakness of the book is seen in the fact that its chief interest is commercial and ethnographical. The love currents flow—to sustain the metaphor—a little too much like canals, as though to irrigate the book in compliance

with popular taste. We regard it as a distinct flaw in workmanship to cause two honourable trustees to sign a blank cheque on the funds in their charge at the request of the young woman in whose interest they are supposed to act. Howbeit, the novel stands out from its defects, for it is the work of one who, having travelled and laboured on the Niger, is, by dint of uncommon sympathy and an excellent memory, more impressive than if, with twice his talent, he wrote of Englishmen at home.

Luck o' Lassendale. By the Earl of Iddesleigh. (Lane. 6s.) As a study of character this story possesses rather remarkable qualities. The weak and amiable Sir Francis Lassendale, who fulfils the ancient prophecy,

Comes a weakly son and frail,
Away with lordly Lassendale,

is admirably drawn. The mental feebleness of the man, his foolish sophistries, the gradual passion for speculation which finally leaves him bare, are all suggested with precision and understanding. But perhaps a brother of the house is even better done. There is a certain pitilessness in the author's close analysis of a character utterly selfish and contemptible. We see the creature's miserable spirit in many lights and subject to various contacts, and in all circumstance he is true to his own conception of expediency. The other men, being more ordinary, are less interesting: the heroic lover, indeed, is hardly more than an ideal standard of probity with which the doings of the others may be compared: he is seldom quite alive. The women, too, are hardly successful: they lack femininity in rather a curious way. It is not that they are exactly bloodless, but they make no appeal in the ordinary and true woman's way. The death of Sir Francis Lassendale is melodramatic and improbable. The Earl of Iddesleigh has not yet learnt to construct, but he has interested us strongly in two difficult types of character, and this in spite of a style rather formal and wooden. The book certainly has observation and sincerity.

By Dulvercombe Water. By Harold Vallings. (Macmillan. 6s.)

EVERWHERE convention rules—in fiction as prominently as in other things. For the novel of the seventeenth century the conventions are a haughty but amorous lady of quality, orphaned and unmarried, who is the *deus ex machina* of all the hero's actions. The hero himself has of equal necessity to be her inferior in position, and only after multitudinous and hair's-breadth escapes from death to become her successful suitor. *By Dulvercombe Water* is a novel of the seventeenth century, and consequently the conventions into which the plot falls are as above. Within the limitations imposed, however, the story shows considerable ingenuity of development, while the historical matter used is wisely kept from an imaginary redundancy of detail.

The plot is grounded upon the famous Monmouth rebellion of 1685, but is finally built up round the impersonation of one brother for another, the innocent of course remaining disguised to give the guilty a chance to be out of England before arrest is likely to occur. The innocent man is in due course taken for his brother, and falls into the hands of Judge Jeffries for trial. The scene of the trial is the great opportunity of the book, and just escapes being a fine and dramatic piece of writing. As it is, when the final verdict of "Guilty" is delivered, the reader who should have been wrought to excitement is palpably cold and indifferent, and in perfect peace of mind merely turns the page to see how, in spite of this infamous condemnation, the lovely lady contrives to save him after all.

The story is crisply written, and throws here and there interesting sidelights upon a national crisis in itself extraordinarily rich in exciting and tragic incidents.

Notes on Novels.

*[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]*

THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYITCH.

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

A new volume in the Library Edition of Tolstoy's novels translated by Mrs. Garnett: Six tales are included in these sumptuous pages. "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch"; "Family Happiness"; "Polikushka"; "Two Hussars"; "The Snowstorm"; and "Three Deaths." (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Peggy had wonderful hair, many admirers, and a Platonic affection for Airey Newton. He lived in Danes Inn, and there was always bread and butter for Peggy in his den. It was this hermit of Danes Inn who advised Trix, the other heroine, a young widow, "to play with life as life had played with her, to have a revenge, to die, if die she must, of heat rather than of cold." This innocuous tale tells how Trix played with her life, and how one of her friends saw her through her trouble. Society and self-sacrifice are the chief ingredients of Anthony Hope's latest story. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE WHITE WOLF.

BY "Q."

"Q.'s" charm does not fail. You will find it manifested in these twenty-one Fireside Tales. The beginnings are an invitation to continue. Thus: "It was a purple twilight of May that I first saw the lamp shining. For me, a child of seven, the voyage had been a tiring one. . . ." Or: "Let those who know my affection for Troy consider what my feelings were the other day when ——" (Methuen. 6s.)

DONOVAN PASHA.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

In a foreword the author reminds the reader of the various lands he has seen, and the stories he has written about those lands. "The years went by, and, four times visiting Egypt, at last I began to write of her. That is now five years ago. From time to time the stories which I offer to the public in this volume were given forth." It contains fifteen tales. Sir Gilbert Parker dedicates his book to Sir John Rogers. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE DICTATOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDGAR JEPSON.

The hero is an adventurous young English peer, whose foolhardiness brings him into the hands of the Khalifa and into slavery at Khartoum. At the end of three years the victorious expedition of Lord Kitchener frees him from slavery. With the help of two looting private soldiers, he punishes his old master for the ill-use he had endured at his hands. Then he comes to England to find that his half-brother has usurped his title and estates. At this point, his adventures may be said hardly to have begun. A good yarn. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN PEPPERCORN.

BY TOM GALLON.

The mystery of John Peppercorn is largely based on the fact that this gentle old man, a clerk by day, a waiter by night, had for fifteen years lost the memory of his earlier life. He is a pathetic figure, somewhat Dickensian, even somewhat reminiscent of Newman Noggs in his hopeless servitude. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE GHOST CAMP.

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

It is also called The Avengers, and is full of excitement and adventures, according to the proper Boldrewood recipe. Part of the story is laid in places where they talk like this: "'Good evening!' said the stranger, civilly enough. 'Going to Haunted Creek?—a bit off the road, arn't you?'" Part passes in Hobart in the season—balls, four-in-hands, officers, races, and the like. (Macmillan. 6s.)

BLACK SHADOWS.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

This stirring story skirts the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, but it is laid largely in London, and its interest is less military than secret-political. "The waiter glanced up and down the room, and then at the door, before speaking; then in a whisper: 'Monsieur is English, and feels for us now we are under the Prussians' cruel heel; he will not denounce me. Yes, monsieur, for if we had our way, not a man would cross the Rhine again alive.'" (Chatto. 6s.)

CAPTAIN MACKLIN.

BY R. H. DAVIS.

A story of adventure recalling Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*. The opening chapter is written from the Military Academy at West Point, and the hero-narrator proposes "to tell now of the little I have accomplished in the first twenty-three years of my life, and, from month to month, to add to these memoirs." This he does. Captain Macklin finds no lack of material. He is an American and rhetorically patriotic. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF M. D'HARICOT.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

The author of *The Lunatic at Large* (sixth impression) is a jester, and this volume, we opine, is also to be catalogued under the heading Humour. It purports to be translated from the French, and the author informs us that he has on many occasions converted the classical French of the original into the clipped phrase of society or the slang of the street. (Blackwood. 6s.)

LIFE, THE INTERPRETER.

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME.

A story of modern life serious, but not heavy. It is mainly about Muriel who after "three triumphant London seasons" came to the conclusion that she was wasting her life. She decided to live with the people, and for the people. So, after vicissitudes, she found the right man and happiness. "Their one need left was to join the gospel of example, which is simply loving everything for love's sake, whether it visibly love back or no." (Longmans. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROYAL MAIL.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

A melodramatic story divided into four Books—called "Mabel Darch," "A Woman's Soul," "After Twelve Years," and "The Driver of the Royal Mail." It ends: "'Can you forgive me, Mabel?' 'For the sake of our child, I forgive you, Andrew.'" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

POOR SONS OF A DAY.

BY ALLAN McAULAY.

Another Scotch historical romance by the author of *The Rhymers* which dealt with the life of Burns. The present story is concerned with the '45 rising. (Nisbet. 6s.)

A GIRL CAPITALIST.

BY FLORENCE BRIGHT.

Sara was her name. She was second mistress at a high school, and when the story opens she has just heard the news that her godfather has left her a fortune. To be precise it is a chemical factory: profits four thousand a year. Agnes, her friend, tells the story of what befell Sara and herself after the windfall. The style is bright, and the narrative entertaining. (Chatto. 6s.)

We have also received: *The Sacred Crescents*, by William Westhall (Chatto); *Liege Lady*, by Lilian Arnold (Jarrold); *Uncle Charles*, by J. S. Winter (Hurst and Blackett); *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn*, by F. Hopkinson Smith (Newnes); *The Traitors*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock); *Richard Brice, Adventurer*, by Charles Junor (Everett).

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The Later Years of Chateaubriand.

In our former article we left Chateaubriand at the blood-stained lintel of the Revolution. Heads on pike-irons were dismally ominous to young aristocrats; he "liked not such grinning honour." It set his thoughts towards America, where they managed revolutions better: with the blessing of Malesherbes on his head and a letter for Washington, in his pocket, he sailed off on the wild emprise of discovering the North-West Passage.

Nothing could be less eventful than his youthful journey to Niagara, nor in other hands less interesting; but it all has the eventfulness that it befell François Chateaubriand, the interest that it was witnessed with his eyes. Here he began the list of his shadowy loves, less real than his dream-amour. The little Breton, lately dumb before the ladies of Paris, started with a dual affair—a brace of Cherokee half-breeds. Oval visage, shaded complexion "which one seemed to see through a light, orange-tinted smoke," hair black and soft, eyes long, "half-hidden beneath the veil of two satiny eyelids that opened indolently;" the one girl proud, the other sad, both tall,—such were the cousins who usurped the place of Chateaubriand's dream-sylph:—

They wore the petticoat and the wide, slashed sleeves of the Spanish women, the body and cloak of the Indian women. Their bare legs were cross-gartered with a lace-work of birch. They plaited their hair with posies or filaments of rushes; mailed themselves in chains and necklaces of glass beads. From their ears hung purple berries; they had a fine talking paroquet; they fastened it on their shoulder like an emerald, or carried it hooded on their hand. . . . They lived in an atmosphere of perfumes emanating from themselves.

Could you ask better from a dime novel? And it all happened just as in the correctest dime novels. The Indian hunters went a-hunting, and the young Pale-face stayed behind with the squaws. He placed an ornament on their heads; one prayed, the other sang "in a voice of velvet": they knew not the language of the Pale-face, nor he theirs. Then there was a fishing-party; he was left alone, and night fell on him among the trees, amidst azaleas and lilacs. Moonlight, fireflies, lapping of lake-water, splash of leaping gold-fish: the white youth sleeps:—

When I emerged from this Lethe, I found myself between two women: the odalisks had returned; they did not wish to arouse me; they had sat down silently by my side; whether they had feigned sleep or had really slumbered, their heads had fallen on my shoulders. A breeze blew through the grove and deluged us in a shower of rose-leaves from the magnolia. Then the younger of the Seminoles began to sing. . . . No one knows the strength of the passion that glides with melody into a man's breast. A rude and jealous voice replied: a half-breed was calling the two cousins; they started and rose; the dawn was beginning to break.

The interruption, it would seem, was somewhat timely. Of course, every boy knows that it came from the ill-favoured lover of one of the girls, and that he will plot with the stern brother of the other lady to carry them off from the noble young Pale-face. It is even so. Just when the white youth is separated from them for a space at noon, the beauteous Indian maidens are seized, thrown on the cruppers of two horses ridden by the half-breed lover and the Seminole brother, and carried off like a whirlwind in the midst of the band. There, alack, the dime novel comes very vilely to grief. The Pale-face does not vow to pursue them to death, though he avows himself disconsolate. Worse still, the unpoetic guide asserts that the fair Seminole maidens (who were not fair, by the way) were also not maidens. He does not stick to call them "painted girls"—which among the Indians means what it means. "Which," says Chateaubriand, "shocked my vanity." It is a fair specimen of his love affairs. Though he talks repentantly of his "passions," they never, on his own showing, seem to have gone further than in the matter of the painted ladies.

The next turn of fortune brought him into the emigrant ranks invading France under Brunswick, and sat him down to besiege Thionville. It gives opportunity for an admirable realisation of the Royalist army—regiments of nobles, grey fathers beside their smooth-cheeked boys, all making war at their own expense. One body, attacked by the republicans, have to charge with the bayonet because their muskets will kill nobody, except perhaps the owner. Take this vignette of the Royal troops recreating under arms. A brevet-captain was called "Dinarzade" (mistake for "Scheherazade") because of his yarning gifts. The description of this rude, primitive tale-teller and his blundering improvisations is life-like:—

As soon as we saw him, we ran up to him, fought for him: we vied with each other as to who should have him on his score. Short of body, long of leg, with sunk cheeks, drooping mustachios, eyebrows forming a comma at the outer angle, a hollow voice, a huge sword in a coffee-coloured scabbard, the carriage of a soldier-poet, something between the poet and the jolly dog, that solemn wag Dinarzade never laughed, and it was impossible to look at him without laughing. One night, when it was drizzling, we were seated round the tap of a wine-cask tilted towards us in a cart with its shafts in the air. A candle stuck on the cask lighted us; a piece of packing-cloth, stretched from the end of the shafts to two posts, served us for a roof. Dinarzade, with his sword awry after the manner of Frederic II., stood between one of the wheels and a horse's crupper, telling a story to our great content. The canteen-women who brought us our rations stayed with us to listen to our Arab. The attendant group of Bacchantes and Silenus which formed the chorus accompanied the narrative with marks of its surprise, approval, or disapproval.

Brunswick rolled back from Valmy in ruinous retreat; and from Verdun to Brussels the strange young aristocrat-romancer struggled alone, a gangrened shell-wound in his thigh, and half-delirious with the horrors of confluent small-pox. After long illness in Jersey, he reached England seemingly doomed to death, and certainly to the pains of slow starvation. Literature barely saved him; and pacing Kensington Gardens he thought out the works which brought him fame. At Beccles, in the household of a country vicar, he had his next love affair. He had married in France—a *marriage de convenance* with a young girl whom he did not love, engineered by relations for money it did not bring. Yet he philandered with the vicar's daughter, to whom he acted as French tutor, and she fell in love with him. The poor mother, blushing and embarrassed, offered her child to the indigent emigrant:—

Of all the sorrows that I had undergone, this was the sorest and greatest. I threw myself at Mrs. Ives's feet; I covered her hands with my kisses and my tears. She thought I was

weeping with happiness, and herself began to sob for joy. She stretched out her arm to pull the bell-rope; she called her husband and daughter.

"Stop!" I cried. "I am a married man!"
She fell back fainting.

The sentimental egotist has the grace to be ashamed of himself. While he declares it the chief and purest love of his life, he owns it would not have satisfied him. Would anything? But the observations of English public men and affairs, above all the vignettes of his curious fellow-exiles, are vivid as ever. That of Peltier, whom he truly calls a Gil Blas, shady journalist, waiter on life, minister to the Black King of Hayti, is a gem. You see the uproarious, good-natured, go-as-you-please fellow before you. Back to France under Napoleon, after his hungry gazing into London cook-shop windows, and a celebrity with the publication of *Atala* and the *Genius of Christianity*, his perception is as keen, with an added vein of mockery, which he religiously deplores—and indulges. He meets the Abbé de Faria (celebrated by the idealisation of him in *Monte Cristo*) who boasts at dinner that he can kill a canary by mesmerising it:—

The canary was the stronger of the two, and the Abbé, beside himself, was obliged to leave the party for fear of being killed by the canary. The sole presence of myself, the Christian, had rendered the tripod powerless.

Atala, the *Genius of Christianity*, and *René* (which, like *Atala*, was conceived as an episode of the larger work), all published as the work of his exile, after his return to Napoleonic France, were the works which at once gave him European fame and influence. That *René*, in particular, was the chief model for that Byronic pose which found expression in *Childe Harold*, no one can doubt who carefully considers the matter. The pose of a gloomy and impassioned nature, solitary by native superiority to its fellows, which has wandered in many lands seeking happiness in vain, and cursed by a mysterious sorrow, a malady of the soul, was first thoroughly assumed in *René*, and became the fashion of French literature. It was Chateaubriand's own morbid character, "touched up" with the irrepressible Gallic research of rhetorical and melodramatic effect. A firm believer in Byron, he recognises, himself, Byron's indebtedness:—

One a peer of England, the other a peer of France, both Eastern travellers, . . . Lord Byron visited the ruins of Greece after me: in *Childe Harold* he seems to embellish with his own pigments the descriptions in the *Itinéraire*. At the commencement of my pilgrimage I gave the Sire de Joinville's farewell to his castle: Byron bids a similar farewell to his Gothic home.

Other resemblances are noted, but we need not pursue the theme. The latter volumes of the *Memoirs* progressively decline in attraction for the general reader. Chateaubriand the statesman is less interesting than Chateaubriand the writer and wanderer: stars and orders are less brilliant than young ardours. The *Memoirs* grow like other memoirs, the anecdotes like other anecdotes, the padding bursts through the pages. Much is sheer history of the July revolution and the like, in which the writer himself plays small part. And it is small history: the last Bourbons and the men of July are poor creatures, impermissibly dull. Here a touch and there a character shows the old keenness: but on the whole Chateaubriand old is the dregs of Chateaubriand young. Excellently Englished, these volumes impress by the man in his vigour; vaunting religion and ogling the world, vaunting indifference and vain to the point of embroidery, fascinating though one doubts whether one emotion be wholly unsophisticated, and displaying in his memoirs the gifts of a novelist which he never displayed in his novels.

Some Fallacies about the Short Story.

I.

It is a commonplace of literary paragraphists, gossipers, birrellers, and the whole tribe of chirpers upon twigs, that the short story does not and will not flourish in England. We are periodically told that the artistic atmosphere is not favourable to it, that publishers do not like it, and that the public will not have it—that it is neither well produced nor consumed. A week or two ago the birreller of a great daily informed his readers that even authors of note experienced much difficulty in obtaining publication of volumes of short stories. That statement was an exaggeration. But, assuming the unwillingness of publishers to publish short stories, one is not justified in deducing therefrom an unwillingness on the part of the public to read short stories. Those who know the inside of publishers' offices and of publishers' minds, know that an extraordinary and often candid ignorance of the public taste reigns there. Publishers have a way of arguing from particulars to generals which has brought them to confusion again and again. And they are very timid in enterprise. The chances are ten to one that if Thomas Hardy's *Life's Little Ironies* were offered anonymously in manuscript to-day to any average good publisher, he would refuse it. (And in the same manner, if it were published anonymously, any average reviewer would say it was praiseworthy for a beginner, but dull and lacking in colour.) There is nothing strange to human nature in this. I mention it only in support of my refusal to accept the unsupported testimony of publishers and paragraphists concerning the predilections of the public.

Starting without any theory of my own in regard to the public taste for or against short stories, I recently asked the editors of certain leading magazines and a leading fiction syndicate to tell me how many short stories they had published during the last twelve months. The figures with which I was courteously furnished are as follows:—

<i>Pall Mall Magazine</i>	-	-	63	short stories.
<i>Strand Magazine</i>	-	-	62	" "
<i>Pearson's Magazine</i>	-	-	67	" "
<i>Harpers' Magazine</i>	-	-	88	" "
<i>Tillotson's Newspaper Syndicate</i>	-	-	200	" "

Such statistics, while they indicate strongly the existence of a thriving short-story industry in Grub Street, do not precisely prove that the public will not read short stories. And I may note in passing that though all magazines print short stories in every number, some magazines will have nothing to do with serial stories. So far, the facts are inimical to the publishers' assertion. But it will be hinted to me that the magazine public is not the book public. I admit that the magazine public does not exactly coincide with the book public. I am sure, however, that they overlap, and that in the case of the shilling magazines they overlap to a very large extent. Observe that the leading shilling magazine of England and the leading shilling magazine of America have printed over a hundred and fifty short stories between them in a single year. This is not a demonstration, but it justifies a presumption, that the book public is favourably inclined to the short story form.

And now the publisher will refer me to his sales-book, and he will subpœna the bookseller to give corroborative evidence, and he will positively state that, no matter what the editors of magazines may say, short stories will not sell in book form. I shall murmur the disyllable "Kipling," and he will reply: "Yes, I knew you would bring Kipling in, but of course there are exceptions." To which my rejoinder is that, no matter what his sales-book

may say, there are too many exceptions. Here is a list of modern authors who have made their reputations by means of short stories. In every instance the books named have, I believe, sold remuneratively. In most instances they have sold prodigiously, and in most instances when the author has turned to novels his reputation has suffered a decline:—

Rudyard Kipling -	<i>Plain Tales, &c. &c.</i>
J. M. Barrie -	<i>A Window in Thrums, &c.</i>
Ian Maclaren -	<i>Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, &c.</i>
Arthur Morrison -	<i>Tales of Mean Streets.</i>
S. R. Crockett -	<i>The Stickit Minister.</i>
Mary E. Wilkins -	<i>A Far-away Melody, &c. &c.</i>
George Egerton -	<i>Keynotes.</i>
Henry Harland -	<i>Grey Roses, &c.</i>
H. D. Lowry -	<i>Wreckers and Methodists.</i>
W. W. Jacobs -	<i>Many Cargoes, &c. &c.</i>
Murray Gilchrist -	<i>The Stone Dragon, &c. &c.</i>
"Zack" -	<i>Life is Life.</i>

This list is far from complete. And here is a list, also far from complete, of authors whose reputations, both popular and artistic, owe more than a little to their short stories:—

Thomas Hardy -	<i>Wessex Tales.</i> <i>A Group of Noble Dames.</i> <i>Life's Little Ironies.</i>
Henry James -	<i>The Madonna of the Future, &c., &c.</i>
Joseph Conrad -	<i>Tales of Unrest.</i>
Eden Phillpotts	<i>Down Dartmoor Way.</i>
H. G. Wells	<i>The Striking Hours.</i> <i>The Plattner Story.</i> <i>The Stolen Bacillus.</i> <i>Tales of Space and Time.</i>
A. T. Quiller-Couch	<i>Noughts and Crosses.</i> <i>The Delectable Duchy.</i> <i>Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts.</i>

If these lists do not prove that short stories will sell, will be appreciated, and will make popular reputations, when they are clever enough, then nothing will.

Touching the artistic side of the question, it is difficult to understand by what process of ratiocination the legend has been evolved that the short story is not in the Anglo-Saxon blood. The modern short story was perfected by an Anglo-Saxon, Edgar Allan Poe, an artist profoundly esteemed in the "land of the short-story," France, though ignored in England. And the artists named in my second list have written and are writing short stories which competent judgment must unhesitatingly rank with the finest of any country. It is not often that one meets with a masterpiece in a monthly magazine, but a couple of months ago there appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* a story entitled *To-morrow*, by Mr. Joseph Conrad, which was worthy of that description. Who that has understandingly read Mr. Hardy's *The Three Wayfarers* or *The Son's Veto* can surpass them from any continental literature? Who can forget Mr. Phillpotts' rustic tragedy, *The Maiden Bell*, or Mr. Henry James's amazing polite comedy *Europe*? It was, and still is, the fashion among persons just sufficiently linguistic to read de Maupassant's easy French, to refer to the author of *Boule de Suif* as the be-all and end-all of short-story writing. His technique is assumed to leave every other technique out of sight. Decidedly, de Maupassant was a great tragic, and a still greater humorous, writer; decidedly, his technique was dazzling. But Stevenson and de Maupassant were contemporaries, and de Maupassant never wrote anything that will out-dazzle *Thrawn Janet*, or *Markheim*, or even *A Lodging for the Night*. And neither de Maupassant, nor Stevenson, nor Merimée, nor d'Annunzio, nor Giovanni Verga (author of *Cavalleria Rusticana*) ever wrote a short story that for sheer handling, for pure excellence of technique, is quite the equal of the best stories of Mr. H. G. Wells; I mean perfections like *The Star*, *The Man who Could Work Miracles*, and *Under the Knife*; and I am not speaking of imaginative power, but of

skill. The fact is that de Maupassant would never have dazzled the amateurs of style in England by his technique had he not first titillated them by his naughtiness; it was the conjunction of the two qualities that made his name a shibboleth north of Dover. On the whole his influence has been good, but stylistically it has been both good and bad. For, as was perhaps inevitable, we have admired work of his which "leapt to the eye," and which for that very reason, among others, was not first-rate. The tale by which de Maupassant is best known in England is *The Necklace*. No one can boggle about the short story without referring to *The Necklace* as an exemplar of all the virtues which should inform a short story. In a second article I shall endeavour to show why *The Necklace* is a second-rate thing, and how it has perniciously affected the popular development of the short story in this country and America.

E. A. B.

Lionel Johnson.

THE present writer first met him some years ago at one of the Picture soirées of the Hogarth Club. In that gathering he was the most noticeable among many noticeable men by the slightness and fragility of his frame and appearance. Thin, pale, very delicate he looked, with a twitching of the facial muscles which showed, even at the age of twenty-four, how unfit was his physique to support the strain of an abnormally nervous organisation. Quick and mouse-like in his movements, reticent of speech and low-voiced he looked like some old-fashioned child who had strayed by chance into an assembly of men. But a child could not have shown that inward smile of appreciative humour, a little aloof, a little contemptuous perhaps, that worked constantly around his mouth. He never changed except in the direction of a greater pallor and a greater fragility. As in his later years he shrank more and more from intercourse with the world, so his slight frame seemed to shrink more and more into itself.

He was a scholar by instinct, a poet by longing, and a critic by profession. His poetry was subjective, the reflection of a temperament that was entirely introspective. Stately, austere, mystical by turns, three themes moved him to enthusiasm: his old school Winchester, Oxford, and Ireland. Mysticism, whether Catholic or Pagan, always touched his muse to a deeper note. A re-reading of his two volumes of Poems, one published in 1895 when he was twenty-eight, the other in 1897, vividly recalls the cloistral mediævalism and mysticism of his mind. The poems are of unequal merit, but many have that quality which forbids them to be forgotten. Among these is "The Dark Angel." We quote the concluding stanza:—

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go:
Divine, to the Divinity.

Also the haunting lines on the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, and the little poem called "The Precept of Silence":—

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonised hopes, and ashen flowers.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

He published one volume of criticism, that remarkable book on *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. Here are a few lines from the peroration:—

I do not find his books quite free of all offence, of anything that can hurt and distress; but I never find them merely painful: their occasional offences are light enough, and unessential; the pain they sometimes give is often salutary, even for those who still hold with *Eschylus*, to the truth of that ancient doctrine, which makes the sorrow of the world a discipline: The gods are upon their holy thrones: the grace of the gods constraineth us.

It is our privilege to think that some of Lionel Johnson's finest and most enkindling critical work was published in these pages. There was never an erasure in his manuscript. His calligraphy was thin, tiny, most regular, and very difficult to decipher. It was a very welcome task to spell out from those cramped sheets of foolscap the soaring idealism, the pertinent allusiveness, and the scholarly use of the best thought of the world that this rich mind employed to colour and illumine his grave theses.

He had one great failing. We all knew it; he best of all; piteous were his upbraidings, his soul-chastisements, and his promises to amend. Those who looked deeper than the surface did not blame him, and they helped as far as they could. But real help, as in all such cases, was very difficult, indeed impossible. Himself, and no one else, could help himself. Small chance would the strongest will have had against the exactions of that nervous system, vibrating in so fragile a tenement, so incompetent to support the strain.

For a year past so far as this journal is concerned he had been silent. Repeated attempts to get word or touch with him failed. He refused to see a messenger or to answer letters. The closed door of his chambers in Clifford's Inn was an impenetrable bar to any kind of intercourse. On September 22 we received the following letter: "You last wrote to me, some time, I think, in the last century, and I hadn't the grace to answer. But I was in the middle of a serious illness, which lasted more than a year, during the whole of which time I was not in the open air for even five minutes, and hopelessly crippled in hands and feet. After that long spell of enforced idleness I feel greedy for work."

The rest is soon told. A few days after the above letter was written he was found by a policeman lying unconscious in Fleet Street. He was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he died last Saturday morning. His age was thirty-five.

With the letter, quoted above, in which he expressed himself as "greedy for work," he enclosed a poem on Walter Pater, asking that it might be published in the ACADEMY. We close these notes on a short, but perhaps, in its way, not an unhappy life—for if he had tribulations, also had he great intimate consolations—with that poem, the last he ever wrote:—

WALTER PATER.

Gracious God rest him, he who toiled so well
Secrets of grace to tell
Graciously; as the awed rejoicing priest
Officiates at the feast,
Knowing, how deep within the liturgies
Lie hid the mysteries.
Half of a passionately pensive soul
He showed us, not the whole:
Who loved him best, they best, they only, knew
The deeps, they might not view;
That, which was private between God and him;
To others, justly dim.
Calm Oxford autumns and preluding springs!
To me your memory brings
Delight upon delight, but chieftest one;
The thought of Oxford's son,
Who gave me of his welcome and his praise,
When white were still my days;
Ere death had left life darkling, nor had sent
Lament upon lament;

Ere sorrow told me, how I loved my lost,
And bade me base love's cost.
Scholarship's constant saint, he kept her light
In him divinely white:
With cloistral jealousy of ardour strove
To guard her sacred grove,
Inviolate by unworldly feet, nor paced
In desecrating haste.
Oh, sweet grove smiling of that wisdom, brought
From arduous ways of thought;
Oh, golden patience of that travailing soul,
So hungered for the goal,
And vowed to keep, through subtly vigilant pain,
From pastime on the plain;
Enamoured of the difficult mountain air
Up beauty's Hill of Prayer!
Stern is the faith of art, right stern, and he
Loved her severity.
Momentous things he prized, gradual and fair,
Births of a passionate air:
Some austere setting of an ancient sun,
Its midday glories done,
Over a silent melancholy sea
In sad serenity:
Some delicate dawning of a new desire,
Distilling fragrant fire
On hearts of men prophetically fain
To feel earth young again:
Some strange rich passage of the dreaming earth,
Fulfilled with warmth and worth.
Ended, his service: yet, albeit farewell
Tolls the faint vesper bell,
Patient beneath his Oxford trees and towers
He still is gently ours:
Hierarch of the spirit, pure and strong,
Worthy Uranian song.
Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me
By miracle to see
That unforgetably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end.

Drama.

Noise.

I PRESUME that Mr. Tree considers himself quit of his obligations towards the literary drama, since he allowed Mr. Stephen Phillips to burlesque Olympus and to turn the much-enduring *Ulysses* into a poltroon. Certainly "The Eternal City" does not enter into the most distant relations with literature. Those who are more familiar than I am with Mr. Hall Caine's novels will perhaps know better than I did what to expect. Otherwise they are warned that, if they are sensitive to the dignity of English speech, they had better keep away for the present from His Majesty's Theatre, under penalty of having to writhe in their seats at the outrage of almost every sentence. The play is one of the *La Tosca* type, full of strained emotional situations which only a skilful literary handling can save from becoming grotesque. Mr. Caine's handling does not save them. On the contrary, it seems to exasperated nerves as if there were a fatality about the way in which, at every moment, the author is driven to put down the cheap, the obvious thing; to formulate the precise speech which, under the circumstances, should least have been uttered. There is a monumental example in the last act. The pusillanimous Pope, who plays a rather unworthy part in the intrigue, discovers that, by conniving at a breach of the confessional, he has brought ruin upon a son whom he has had, and apparently more or less deserted, in his youth. He reveals himself. The son forgives him, faints away, and is carried out.

Whereupon the Pope advances to the footlights, casts up his eyes to heaven, and observes, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." It seems to me that a man who could write that is past praying for. Mr. Caine's dialogue is not only common in expression, it is also stagey in design; that is to say, it is determined, not by consideration of what this or that character would, as a matter of psychological fact, say under certain conditions, but patently and unashamedly by the necessity of keeping the audience acquainted with the progress of the plot. Of course the latter object is one which the dialogue of every play has to attain. But the art of dramatic writing, which Mr. Caine does not possess, lies precisely in attaining it, and at the same time keeping within the limits of natural and probable conversation.

The infelicity of style which marks the play is not atoned for by any skill in the ordering of incident or the presentation of character. Much of the breathless plot appears to turn upon incidents in the past, the exact nature of which, although they are recounted by the characters to each other with much detail and varying degrees of improbability some four or five times over, it is difficult to the last fully to comprehend and wholly impossible at any period to follow with interest. Nor is a melodrama really effectively constructed by the method of gathering together a more or less complete collection of melodramatic incidents, and hurling them in rapid succession at the head of the unfortunate public. As for the characters, they have neither vitality nor consistency. The villain is a bad imitation of the villain in *La Tosca*. The hero is an emotional person, whose most noticeable quality is a willingness to believe anything, whether good or bad, about anybody, at five minutes' notice and without evidence. The heroine is almost equally unstable; nor are her relations with Baron Bonelli, whose mistress she has been, to whom she confesses her sudden love for David Rossi, who knocks her down, and who subsequently visits her in a friendly way in her studio, in any degree plausible.

There is a scene in the play, which is mounted with that elaboration now so frequently offered as a substitute for art, representing the *piazza* before St. Peter's at Rome. It affords no illusion whatever. The colour of Italian sunlight is beyond the reach of a scene-painter's brush. A tribune is supposed to be haranguing the people, and the representation of a flashing gesticulating Italian crowd by a number of motionless figures painted on the background and a number of others cut out in cardboard relief strikes one as an exceptionally hollow mockery, even for a modern stage effect. This want of convincingness is curiously characteristic of the piece as a whole. It is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is a noisy play. Bells are rung and organs played, and masses and dirges are chanted at every appropriate and inappropriate moment. The actors shout and scream, and fling their arms about, and strut up and down, and toss their cloaks on and off, and show all the conventional signs of strong emotion. And the soul looks on, wholly unmoved, only wondering vaguely what all the fuss is about. For there is no real emotion working, only noise, which never translates itself into anything but noise. The worst noise of all, to my mind, is made by the firing of a pistol on the stage. This always seems to me an unpardonable thing in any play, a touch of literal realism quite outside the conventions to which even the most professedly realistic method must submit. Yet in every audience there are those upon whom it has a real emotional effect, making them grip the arms of their seats and draw in their breath quickly, as I am sure real tragedy would never have the power to do. There are people made like that, I suppose—prosperous insensitive people for the most part, whom something of a strong physical stimulus is needed to sting into feeling at all—the sort of people

whom one thinks of as filling the benches at a gladiatorial show in ancient Rome or a bull-fight in modern Spain.

There is an amusing note on the play-bill which sets forth that "the Author has cast the action of his Drama into the Future to show that no personal reference is intended." This is one of those unfortunate intimations whose natural effect is always the precise opposite of that which, in so many words, they seek to produce. But for it one would never have dreamt of connecting "The Eternal City" with real life of any kind, past, present, or future. Having read it, it is inevitable to look in the personages of the play for suggestions of actual Popes and actual Prime Ministers, or to trace in the political background the reflection of social troubles which do indeed beset Italy. Certainly, however, it is a Rome of the future and not of the present in which the Prime Minister pays a secret visit to the Pope in his garden in order to discuss affairs of State, and the Pope enjoys the advantage of a private passage which enables him to communicate with the inmates of a State prison. In any case, it does not matter a straw whether Mr. Caine intended personal references or not. Both the Quirinal and the Vatican have other things to do than to trouble their heads about the bearings of a piece of literary impertinence which would be insufficient to disturb the susceptibilities of even the Republic of Andorra or the Clapton Agapemone.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Scientific Critic.

THOSE who take painting seriously: those to whom the end of the summer exhibitions does not portend the beginning of a close time in art, are conscious of a titillation at the announcement of a new book by Mr. Bernhard Berenson. He, of all living critics of classic art, is the most competent, and the most distinguished, and where he breaks a path, the herd must look intently, even if they do not follow. The amateur of taste whose appreciation of the beautiful is so keen that he does not care who painted a picture so long as it pleases him; who will wander round a gallery without a catalogue, and who will remember a picture for its own sake, and not because it is attributed to a Velasquez, a Raphael, or a Botticelli, may regard Mr. Berenson's services to art as supererogatory. For Mr. Berenson is the readjuster rather than the cicerone; he is the expositor of errors; his life is spent in aesthetic enjoyment, and in correcting the attributions given to pictures in the careless old days when Directors of Galleries called a Raphael a Raphael, or a Perugino a Perugino because it looked something like a Raphael or a Perugino, or because Vasari, or some other old gossip, had said so. From his home in Florence Mr. Berenson, once a year, hurls his book-thunderbolts (nicely enwrapped in a picturesque style, also gilded with enthusiasm), and we all duck our heads, gasp a little, and decide that it is very difficult to disagree with a thunderbolt.

Mr. Berenson derives, of course, from the late Signor Morelli, the founder of what has been sarcastically called the "ear and nose" system of identifying pictures. Let me quote Dr. Bode, of the Berlin Gallery, Morelli's implacable antagonist, in the battle-royal that raged around Morelli's oriflamme of heterodoxy. "He issued (says Dr. Bode) a catalogue of the ears, noses, and fingers, the former property of Botticelli, Mantegna, Raphael, Titian, & Co., and with this schedule in hand every lover of art is to patrol the picture galleries, when he will be able to single out unerringly the different masters in spite of all the wretched mistakes of directors." Dr. Bode may still have his sympathisers for all I know, and Morelli may have pushed

his method to the extreme, but there is no doubt that it was Morelli who first gave the impulse to that system of scientific art criticism, through which "the wretched mistakes of the directors" were corrected, the complacency of private collectors disturbed, and art history transformed from chaos to something like order. Errors have been made by the scientific art critics, but the balance on the side of accuracy and, yes, common sense, is enormously with Morelli and his followers. "It would be as absurd," says Mr. Claude Phillips, "to return to a pre-Morellian period of criticism, as it would be to study natural science without profiting by the discoveries of Darwin."

Morelli died in 1891, and in the following year Sir A. H. Layard published an eulogistic essay on his friend, which is well worth re-reading. Morelli's influence persists. In the preface to Mr. Berenson's new book, *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art: second series* (Bell), there is an interesting, if not a very complimentary reference to Morelli. Mr. Berenson refers to him as that great inventor who was so much of a mere empiric, that he could say, "The connoisseur should above all things have no bump of philosophy." Morelli, we are told, refused to use his powers of reason: that consequently he was always a mere happy inventor, not a real discoverer. "What he would not attempt, I have tried to do," adds Mr. Berenson, "and I dare believe that after perusing my essay (Rudiments of Connoisseurship, included in this volume) the candid reader will no longer find anything ludicrous or trivial in the new Connoisseurship."

I, as a candid reader, do not find anything ludicrous or trivial in the new Connoisseurship. It may occasionally be a little dull, and one is sometimes inclined to ask if the scientific art critic ever takes any joy in a picture for its own sake. In Mr. Berenson's case the answer is "Yes!" The naughtiness of Directors of Galleries has not dulled his enthusiasm. His pen has not tired, his fancy is always alert, and if a wrong attribution has a sobering effect on him, beauty can waft him into lyrical regions. I shall not soon forget his analysis of the spirit that inspired the Italian architects of the Renaissance, those men who "took space for a language as the musician takes sound."

Let us consider two of the essays in this volume—"The Caen *Sposalizio*" as an example of Mr. Berenson critical, and "The Drawings of Andrea Mantegna" as an example of Mr. Berenson enthusiastic. Open "The Caen *Sposalizio*" essay between pages 4 and 5, and you will be greeted by two familiar pictures facing each other. One is a photograph of Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin" at Milan, the other a photograph of Perugino's "Marriage of the Virgin" at Caen. These pictures are quite old friends, and you will possibly remember to have read that Perugino's picture served as a model for Raphael's. It never occurred to you to dispute the story, and when Mr. Berenson first went to Caen he had not a shadow of doubt that he was about to see one of Perugino's best pictures. But —. He came to admire, he stayed to re-attribute. That is the scientific art critic's way. He will take nothing on trust. "Imagine my astonishment," continues Mr. Berenson, "when, at the first glance, the Caen picture presented me with a combination of vivid colours, the like of which I could not possibly recall in a single other work by Perugino." The doubt once instilled into his mind, Mr. Berenson proceeds patiently and laboriously to prove that this picture was not painted by Perugino, then to consider by whom it was painted. Having examined the colour, he studies the pose of the figures, the drawing of the limbs, hands, ears, and noses, the fall of the drapery, and compares these details with other classical pictures with which of course he is as familiar as we are with the ins and outs of Waterloo Station. He notices in this work, or recalls from other pictures, the ailing delicacy of a figure, the protrusion of a cheek bone, the swollen second phalanx of a thumb, the sly look of a woman, the flushed cheek of a

man. So he continues contrasting, comparing, discarding, calling forth a painter from the night only to send him back, accumulating proof upon proof, until in the end we are given the result straight from the shoulder that the Caen "Sposalizio" was painted by Lo Spagna, not by Perugino, and that Raphael did not borrow from the Caen picture, but that on the contrary it was the Caen picture that was borrowed outright from Raphael. Mr. Berenson's method is as interesting as the method of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Indeed, I should like to have the opinion of Mr. Holmes on the construction of this essay.

It is characteristic of Mr. Berenson. Dip into the book where you will, you will find some sure and civil readjustment of accredited attributions, as "this Madonna betrays none of the characteristics of Piero, while it possesses all those of Baldovinetti," or "the names put forward have been those of Puligo and Sogliani; Granacci and Franciabigio have also been suggested. None of these names is entirely satisfactory to the discriminating eye." But Mr. Berenson is more than the iconoclast. He can appreciate, can pass on some of his discreet fire to the reader, and mediately he can make you an arresting phrase, or strike out a pleasing simile. The locks of the hair of Holofernes in Mantegna's Dublin picture are like "swaying river grasses swept by the wind"; the swift, unswerving lines of Judith's draperies "have the flow of silent streams"; the Florentine followers of Raphael never knew how to assimilate their thefts, but made a parade of them "like a Fiji islander, strutting about in cast-off European garments." In his paper on Mantegna, that great and grave master, Mr. Berenson reaches his highest level in appreciation. With the accompanying picture it is an education in the line as a life-communicator to art. Mantegna's line! The words are an inspiration! Look at his figure of a Muse in this volume, and then apply the test from which masterpieces alone emerge. The test is Mr. Berenson's, and I make it my final quotation: "Imagine this sheet torn to tatters; like fragments of great Greek art, every shred would betray its value and function, conjuring up the whole."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Precursor of Man.

THE opening of the exhibition of stone implements at the British Museum has brought about the usual crop of letters to the Press, in which the directors of the national collections are taken to task, and the superiority of certain private and foreign museums vaunted. As the object of the Museum authorities, however, was rather to get together a thoroughly representative series of exhibits than to excel in one particular class, they may be congratulated upon having attained it, and it is certain that in Great Russell Street, the evolution of the chipped flint, from the rude tool grasped by the hand of palaeolithic man down to the finished spear-head, already prophetic of metal forms, left by his neolithic descendant, can be most conveniently studied. The story which these earliest examples of human ingenuity tells goes back to an age so remote that it is difficult for those who are accustomed to think of man as having made his first appearance upon the earth a few thousands of years ago to form any conception of it.

Now, all the stone implements of human fashioning are roughly divided by anthropologists into the two great classes of paleolithic and neolithic. In the first-named are included those stones—nearly always flint or its analogues—which can be split by fire either with or

without the help of tapping or pressure, and in the second those where the stone is not only brought by repeated working into the shape required, but is also polished until, save for its weight, it can hardly be distinguished from a metal implement. To get rid of the neolithic variety at once, it may be said that from the evidence of the beds where they are found, we can pronounce their makers to be men not differing in essential points from men of the present day, and that they lived in communities, burying their dead with a care which shows them to have possessed well-defined views upon a future state, making pottery vessels out of clay baked in the fire, and keeping flocks of domestic animals, besides cultivating the ground for food. As to the age during which these neolithic implements were made, we can only say that it can be traced back in a fairly continuous line from the 5000 B.C. which saw the beginning of the Egyptian monarchy to a period about forty-five thousand years earlier, and that its dawn was probably connected with the retreat of the glaciers which at the last-named date covered Europe. A slight sketch of this period can be found in the ACADEMY of 30 August last.

When we turn, however, to the stone implements known as palæolithic, we find evidence of a very different state of things. In the first place, palæolithic times cover a period so much greater than the neolithic that it is hard to find their superior limit. According to most authorities we can safely allow a hundred thousand years for the glacier period whose termination brought about, as we have seen, the beginning of neolithic culture, but we find palæolithic implements in strata which is at least seventy thousand years earlier than its beginning. We, therefore, have the amazing fact that a being acquainted with fire and possessed of intelligence sufficient to make weapons and tools for himself must have flourished at least two hundred and twenty thousand years before the dawn of history. This would take us well into the Tertiary Period which geologists tell us preceded that in which we now live, and when the face of the world was widely different from what it now is. Among other things, it was the period when in the vegetable kingdom the phanerogamic plants, and in the animal, the mammals, first appeared, the latter succeeding in dominion the gigantic reptiles who seemed to have reigned upon the earth during the Secondary Period. It was certainly the age of the mastodon and of the still more terrible dinotherium, as well as of those mammoths who were the ancestors of the elephant of our own times. If man really lived in those days he must have had some very unpleasant and formidable neighbours. Yet that worked stones contemporary with these large animals have been found there seems to be no reasonable doubt.

With regard to man as he lived between these tertiary times and the period at which he began to make use of polished stone implements, we are by no means without information. One of the most curious things about him is that he appears to have been spread with happy indifference to climatic and other conveniences all over the earth, and his chipped stones have been found in Africa, throughout Asia, and in both Americas quite as freely as in Europe. Moreover, his habits seem to have been everywhere the same, and, judging from the evidence at present available, he does not appear to have varied in type so much as his descendant in neolithic times. Nowhere do we find that he paid any attention to his dead, whom he apparently left to perish as they fell, in the same way as do the lower animals. Nowhere did he attempt to make pottery, which would besides have been of little use to him in his wandering and migratory condition. Everywhere do we find him a hunter and a fisherman, preying upon all the animals for food, frequenting the banks of streams, climbing trees, and making little stores of nuts and fruits. His stone implements are almost entirely tools, being made out of flints or quartzite fragments with

one cutting edge, the remainder being held in the hand and serving the purpose of a mount or handle. These were used not as weapons, but in order to shape the clubs which formed the greater part of his armament or the bones of which he constructed his fish-hooks, his arrows, and his spears. He appears to have lived either in single pairs or in very small communities consisting at the most of one or two families, and it was only at the very end of the palæolithic age that he began to domesticate animals and to carve on the bones that he used the figures of the mammoth and the reindeer who had succeeded the gigantic mammals of the earlier times.

But if the condition of palæolithic man in the present or quaternary period was thus rude and beastlike, what shall we say of them who preceded him, and whose relics have been found in tertiary strata? To judge from the size of the flints he has left behind him, he must have been of considerably smaller stature than the palæolithic man of quaternary times, and it is doubtful whether he yet as a continuous habit had assumed the erect position. He did not, as did his successor, leave behind him great collections of refuse or middens among which we find the bones of animals cracked or broken to give access to the marrow, and his food must therefore have been exclusively vegetarian. On the other hand, he was evidently acquainted with the use of fire, as is shown by the traces of its action on the flints that he used, and it is not to be supposed that he chipped these simply for amusement or for any other purpose than to assist him in the manufacture of weapons. That these weapons were like those of his successor, clubs and projectiles, there is, indeed, no proof, but considering the universal use of the worked flint in later times, it may perhaps be accounted a fair inference. From all these facts anthropologists like M. Abel Hovelacque and M. Adrien de Mortillet have drawn the conclusion that the flint-worker of the Tertiary Period was not a man at all, but his precursor upon the earth, and a being intermediate between the ape and man.

Is there anything in this theory inconsistent with the facts as we know them? That an intelligent ape should make use of weapons is no new idea, for we find some of the anthropoid apes of the present day, such as the orang-outang and the chimpanzee, using the boughs of trees to support their steps when they assume the to them unfamiliar erect position, and they have been known on occasion to use such boughs for the purpose of offence. As for projectiles, the Senegalese told Winwood Reade that if you throw a stick at the chimpanzee, he will throw it back at you, and stories have been afloat for some time of forest apes who will pelt the unwary traveller with stones and cocoa-nuts. The use of fire seems at first sight to present some difficulty, but we have it on the authority of Sir Henry Stanley that there are certain apes who, although they cannot themselves make fire, will yet gather round one which has been left alight by a traveller, and will feed it with sticks and leaves for a considerable time. On the other hand, the skull known as the Neanderthal, which, according to most observers, goes back to the Tertiary Period, presents many points of resemblance with that of the female gorilla, and still more with that of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* or man-ape whose relics are still apparently being sought for in the interior of Java. Although, therefore, it cannot as yet be said to be proved, there is no difficulty in supposing that some of the earlier flints now exhibited at the British Museum were the work not of man, but of some animal intermediate between man and the ape, and the theory should be borne in mind in future investigations.

F. LEGGE.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 159 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea in the following competition:—

"We publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:

- (a) The two most interesting biographies.
- (b) The two most interesting works of history.
- (c) The two most interesting works of travel.
- (d) The two most interesting religious works.
- (e) The two most interesting novels.
- (f) The two most interesting books for children.

To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent."

After an exhaustive examination of the one hundred and thirty-six lists sent in we find that the governing or plébiscite list comes out as follows:—

	Votes.
Paul Kruger. "Memoirs." (Unwin.) ...	58
Rev. W. Adamson. "Life of the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D." (Cassell) ...	29
Biography.	
Justin McCarthy. "Queen Anne." (Chatto & Windus.) ...	49
T. Douglas Murray. "Jeanne D'Arc." (Heinemann.) ...	42
History.	
A. H. Savage Landor. "Across Coveted Lands." (Macmillan.)	82
Sir Martin Conway. "Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego." (Cassell.) ...	57
Travel.	
John Kelman. "Religious Message of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Oliphant.) ...	25
Geo. W. E. Russell. "The Household of Faith." (Hodder & Stoughton) ...	24
Religious.	
J. M. Barrie. "The Little White Bird." (Hodder & Stoughton.)	46
Marie Corelli. "Temporal Power." (Methuen.) ...	39
Novels.	
Rudyard Kipling. "Just So Stories." (Macmillan.) ...	131
Andrew Lang. "The Romance Book." (Longmans.) ...	62
Children's.	

Two competitors have named eight out of the twelve books in the above list. The prize has therefore been divided between them. They are Mr. Alexander Cameron, 2, McKerrell Street, Paisley, and Mr. T. H. Foulis, 107, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Mr. Cameron's list is as follows:—

- Kruger's "Memoirs."
- "Life of Dr. Martineau."
- Lang's "History of Scotland."
- McCarthy's "Reign of Queen Anne."
- Landor's "Across Coveted Lands."
- Lady Durand's "Autumn Tour in Persia."
- "The Religious Message of Robert L. Stevenson."
- G. W. E. Russell's "Household of Faith."
- "The Little White Bird."
- "The Vultures."
- Lang's "Romance Book."
- Kipling's "Just So Stories."

Mr. Foulis's list:—

- Lyall's "Tennyson."
- "Life of Dr. Parker."
- "Jeanne d'Arc."
- Lang's "James VI."
- Conway's "Aconcagua, &c."
- Landor's "Across Coveted Lands."
- Mathieson's "Representative Men of the Bible."
- Denney's "Death of Christ."
- "Temporal Power."
- Barrie's "Little White Bird."
- "Just So Stories."
- Lang's "Romance Book."

THE POPULAR BOOKS.

We give below a list of the selected books in their order according to votes down to 10:—

	Votes.
Rudyard Kipling. "Just So Stories." (Macmillan.) ...	131
A. H. Savage Landor. "Across Coveted Lands." (Macmillan.)	82
Andrew Lang. "The Romance Book." (Longmans.) ...	62
Paul Kruger. "Memoirs." (Unwin.) ...	58
Sir Martin Conway. "Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego." (Cassell.) ...	57
Justin McCarthy. "The Reign of Queen Anne." (Chatto & Windus.) ...	49
J. M. Barrie. "The Little White Bird." (Hodder & Stoughton.) ...	46
T. Douglas Murray. "Jeanne D'Arc." (Heinemann.) ...	42
Marie Corelli. "Temporal Power." (Methuen.) ...	39
Andrew Lang. "History of Scotland." Vol. II. (Blackwood)	38
Anthony Hope. "Intrusions of Peggy." (Smith, Elder.) ...	35
Mrs. Craigie. "Love and the Soul Hunters." (Unwin.) ...	33
H. S. Merriman. "The Vultures." (Smith, Elder.) ...	33
Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge. "A History of Egypt." (Kegan Paul.) ...	30
Rev. W. Adamson. "Life of the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D." (Cassell.) ...	29
Sir Alfred Lyall. "Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." (Murray.) ...	28
Rev. J. Drummond. "Life of Dr. Martineau." (Nisbet.) ...	26
John Kelman. "Religious Message of R. L. Stevenson." (Oliphant.) ...	25
Lady Durand. "An Autumn Tour in Western Persia." (Constable.) ...	25
Geo. W. E. Russell. "Household of Faith." (Hodder & Stoughton.) ...	24
A. F. Davidson. "Alexandre Dumas." (Constable.) ...	24
Sir A. Conan Doyle. "The Great Boer War." (Smith, Elder.) ...	24
"Supernatural Religion." (Watts.) ...	18
Henry Norman. "All the Russias." (Heinemann.) ...	17
Andrew Lang. "James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery." (Longmans.) ...	16
Prof. J. Denney. "Death of Christ." (Hodder & Stoughton)	15
Sidney Lee. "Life of H.M. Queen Victoria." (Smith, Elder.)	15
Earl of Ronaldshay. "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky." (Blackwood) ...	14
George Matheson. "Representative Men of the Bible." (Hodder & Stoughton) ...	14
Mrs. Molesworth. "Peterkin." (Macmillan.) ...	14
Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. "Fuel of Fire." (Hodder & Stoughton.) ...	14
G. A. Henty. "With Kitchener in the Sudan." (Blackie.) ...	13
Prof. A. H. Sayce. "Religion of the Ancient Egyptians and Babylonians." (Clark.) ...	13
L. Huxley. "Life of Huxley." Eversley Series. (Macmillan.)	13
F. K. & B. Upton. "Golliwog Book, 1902." (Longmans.) ...	12
Dr. Karl Peters. "The Eldorado of the Ancients." (Pearson.)	11
Emile Zola. "Truth." (Chatto & Windus) ...	11
L. S. Amery. "Times History of the War in South Africa." (Sampson Low.) ...	10
H. D. Traill. "Social England." (Cassell.) ...	10

Competition No. 160 (New Series).

The *Pilot* last week contained a letter from "A. A." remarking on the unfortunate use in a poem by Heber of the phrase "all serene"; which, meaning in Heber's day only what it said, came a little later to be a strong expression inimical to the beauty of the stanza. Another instance that might be adduced of anticipatory slang in good poetry is Wordsworth's line, in "The Gipsies":—

The silent Heavens have goings on.

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best example, or examples, of anticipatory slang in poetry.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.", must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 15 October, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of *Wrapper*, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will publish this autumn *Matthew Arnold's Note-books*, with a preface by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. The originals are the note-books which Matthew Arnold carried in his pocket, not only using them to jot down memoranda, but also utilising the blank spaces for extracts from authors he had been reading.

Mr. Kruger's *Memoirs*, told by himself and recorded by H. C. Bredell, his private secretary, and Peter Grobler, Ex-Under-Secretary of State, will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next month. These memoirs, which were dictated by Paul Kruger to his private secretaries, give the whole story of his life from the earlier experiences of childhood, his boyhood, early treks, hunting exploits and so forth, right up to the present day with its sterner record of controversy and war. Incidentally Mr. Kruger contributes opinions on the questions of the food tariff, native labour in relation to the mines, the dynamite monopoly, and the railway tariff.

A book of considerable historical value in connection with the South African campaign will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week. It is called *The Story of the 34th Company (Middlesex) Imperial Yeomanry* from the point of view of Private 6243. The author, Mr. William Corner, recounts in it the complete history of his company from the moment of attestation in December 1899 to the date of discharge in 1901.

Messrs. Bell will publish next week in their "Endymion Series" a volume of Shelley's *Poems*, decorated and illustrated by Mr. R. Anning Bell. It will be uniform with the "Keats" illustrated by the same artist, and will contain an introduction by Prof. Walter Raleigh. Though not a complete edition of Shelley, it contains all his best-known lyrics, and of the longer poems "Alastor," "Epipsychedion," "Adonais," "The Triumph of Life," and the whole of "Prometheus Unbound."

The *Sports of the World* will shortly be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company in fortnightly parts. It will be edited by F. G. Afslalo, and will be illustrated from a series of unique photographs, and from original drawings by leading artists.

Messrs. Watts & Co. will issue next week, from the Rationalist Press Association, a sixpenny edition of Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*. The next in the same series of cheap reprints will be Prof. Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, which has already run through several editions in its more expensive form.

Mr. Heinemann asks us to make the corrections noted below to his list of forthcoming books printed last week: The editor of *The World's History* is Dr. Helmolt, not Helmholtz; Mr. Triana's Trip is of course down the Orinoco, not the Orinoca; and the price of *The World's Work* is to be 1s. and not 2s.

The following corrections should also be made in Mr. John Long's list: Prices omitted, *Sidelights on Convict Life*, 6s.; *The Unconquerable Colony*, 3s. 6d. net; *Etiquette and Entertaining*, 1s. *Dead Certainties, Transplanted* and *Up To-morrow* should be 3s. 6d. each, not 6s.

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